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McKEAN COUNTY MINER.

THE OFFICIAL PAPER OF McKEAN COUNTY.

VOLUME XXXI. SMETHPORT, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1894. NUMBER 1.

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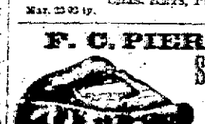

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OF EVERY STYLE

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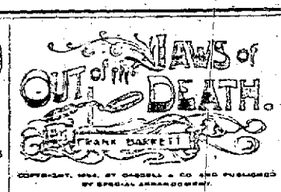

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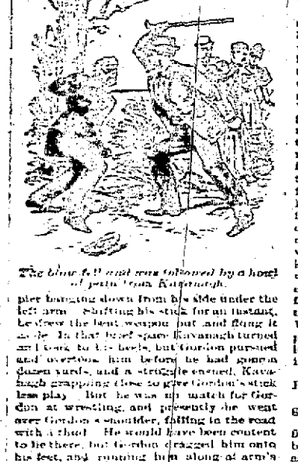
CHAPTER I.

THE END OF KAVANAGH.

Without a moment's hesitation Gordon threw himself upon his antagonist, striking at his sword arm. The blow fell and was followed by a howl of pain from Kavanagh. I thought Gordon had escaped injury by some happy accident, but the next moment, as he stepped back, I saw the re-



The blow fell and was followed by a howl of pain from Kavanagh.

sult. Kavanagh's sword-arm dropped by his side under the left arm. Shifting his stick for an instant, he threw the best weapon but and flung it aside. In that brief space Kavanagh turned as I took to his heels, but Gordon pursued and overtook him before he had gone a dozen yards, and a struggle ensued. Kavanagh grappling close to give Gordon's stick less play. But he was no match for Gordon at wrestling, and presently he went over Gordon's shoulder, falling to the road with a thud. He would have been content to lie there, but Gordon dragged him onto his feet, and running him along at arm's length threatened him without mercy until the miserable wretch threw himself down in the road again and shammed unconsciousness.

Perhaps Gordon feared he was unjust, ignorant security of Kavanagh's rapier and would depart have an old hand could rely on a two-penny half-penny sword-stick for defense. But when we returned to the house he helped himself to a liberal dose of whisky and said he thought he could "go up stairs and put himself outright a bit." He puts in his appearance and came down in another suit of clothes.

"I've helped myself to a suit of yours," I heard him say to Tarns. "That beastly spur pricked me nicely; the arm and inside my togs is a bit of a mess. I couldn't make out how it was I felt so all down that side."

"We can't afford to let you trifle with yourself," said Tarns. "If the wound is serious"——

"Wound! Hang it—it's only a scratch, man! I've stuck a lump of wadding out of your dress coat on the place—the muscle under the arm, don't you know—and I shall be as right as rain in a few days."

About the same time the gardener, who had been sent to look after Kavanagh, returned, saying he could see nothing of him. He was getting up pretty well—seemed a little upsetlike—kind of knocked up, in a manner of speaking, but he had found his hat and could manage to limp along pretty lively, if we understood what he meant.

What happened to Kavanagh after this was subsequently told by William Wright, one of the kiln hands at the pottery at Lambeth.

At 5 o'clock on that Friday the office was closed as usual. Old Mr. Bell was the last to leave. Before going he went through the works and stopped to chat with William Wright, who was raking up the brown mire kiln, talked about the quantity of fuel used, and asked Wright whether he didn't think a cheaper coal could answer the same purpose as that they were burning, and so on. Always on the lookout for means of economizing, Mr. Bell. Nevertheless he gave Wright twopence for a pint of ale when he had done. Good night to Wright, very friendly and affable old gentleman. At 6 o'clock the bell rang, and all hands went away from the pottery except Wright, whose turn it was to keep the fires up till seven o'clock came to relieve him.

About 7 Wright having cooled his mouth to the side door in Derby street to get a breath of fresh air. While he was standing there smoking half a pipe an odd looking little fellow came up to him and passed the time of day. He had a queer, monkey-ish sort of face, with a short, bristly red beard, and he wore a fur cap.

"Mr. Kavanagh in the works?" he asked.

"No," answered Wright. "He went away this afternoon and won't be back till Monday."

"Can you tell me where I might find him?"

"You'll have to go to Betterford—that's beyond Woking—to find him."

"Woking, that's a long way. Are you sure he is there?"

"Certain, 'cause I had to post the letters to him there as they came in by the last post."

"This is very awkward. I'm a potter, and I promised on getting a bit of work."

"You a Russian, don't you?"

"Yes. How do you know?"

"Because you talk like the parties who come to ask after Mr Turne."

"You work late here?" said the little man after a pause.

"We knock off at 6. I'm here to fire up Friday's salting day with us."

He had to explain the process of salt glazing before the foreigner understood this.

"We don't glaze like that in our country. I expect your kilns are quite unlike ours. Have you any objection to my looking at them?"

"Well," said Wright, after a little hesitation, "it's against the rules to let strangers in, but as you're going to be a hand in the works I don't mind."

Wright took him round the kiln and showed him the fire holes; the foreigner looking about, taking notice of everything with his round, deep sunk eyes, then he led him up to the thick wing door, where the foreigner was interested in the potter's wheels and the boards of clay jars set round the body of the kiln to dry; thence Wright took him up the steps onto the salting floor, which is level with the dome of the kiln. The huge kiln here begins to taper into a funnel passing up through the roof. In one side is an opening about the height of a man and 3 or 4 feet wide, and through this one sees, on a level with the floor, the dome covering that part of the kiln in which the pottery is exposed to the flames. In the middle of the dome is an opening through which the flame rises in a compact body. William Wright took his visitor to the opening in the side of the kiln and pointed out the holes through which the salt is poured to glaze the earthenware, but not content with this the little foreigner went inside, right on the dome of the kiln, and looked down into the furnace, Wright says he looked like a demon in a pantomime as he stood almost within singeing distance of the flame, grinning down into the fiery pit below.

"It's better than anything we've got in Russia," he declared when he came out.

"There's nothing more to see, now we'll go down again," said Wright.

But when they reached the throwing floor, nothing would satisfy the foreigner but he must go poking about right as far as the warehouse steps leading down to the office.

"Here, come on, mate, you've seen enough," said Wright, who by this time began to suspect that he had not done well to infringe the rules.

At the remark the foreigner followed Wright to the ground floor, and there again the spirit of inquiry was strong upon him. He would go around to look at the fire holes again, and Wright following, with silky slowness, no doubt, lost sight of him on the other side of the coals. Couldn't make out where he'd got to, looked for him in each archway, lit a lantern and went right out into the yard behind Mr Tarns' house. Wasn't anywhere. Finally he concluded that being a foreigner and consequently mean the little man had sneaked out into Ferry street and gone off in that mercenary-like fashion in order to avoid standing a drop of beer for the trouble Wright had taken to explain things nicely to him.

Nothing occurred until just about midnight, when Wright had another surprise as he was breathing the cool air of Ferry street. Mr. Bell came down Ferry street from the front office. He was panting; his coat was torn at the breast, his hand thrust into the breast of his frock

Locked in each other's arms they both fell into the body of the kiln.

as Mr. William Wright tells it, "Position" have known him to be hasty-tempered.

"What the deuce is the matter with the front door?" he asked angrily. "I can't open it with my key."

I expect Mr. Bell double locked it inside. He did come out through the works, and he's an awful particular."

"Cursed old idiot!" growled Kavanagh, passing him. "Bring a light. I must go down through the warehouse."

Wright lit a lantern and followed the way through the throwing room, the warehouse and the passage leading to the shop and office, where Kavanagh tried to open the front door with the key, but found that something foiled the wards of the lock and prevented the key turning. He swore again at Mr Bell for a muddling, muddling old fool, and giving up the attempt said to Wright:

"You can go. Leave the lantern there. I will come back by the warehouse."

Wright went back and fired up his kiln, wondering how the governor, always so quick and spare, had fallen into that battered condition, and what on earth he had come to the office for at that hour. Whatever did he want there?

He had just banked up the last fire hole when he thought he heard a voice calling faintly in the distance. "Wright! Wright!" He stood quite still to listen, and heard he-rond double for cry repeated—"Wright! Wright!" in a shriek of supplication and terror, and it was the governor's voice.

He answered and ran up stairs.

As he was passing the throwing room Kavanagh rushed out of the darkness from the warehouse and came to his wife panting for breath. He had a stone jar in his hand which he had caught up for defense, and he looked back into the darkness and round him with wild terror, his face white as a sheet of paper.

"Do you see him?" he gasped.

"Who, sir?" asked Wright.

"A man with a red beard and a bald head."

"No, sir."

"Lay hold of that jar. If you see him, brain him. He's a madman."

Wright armed himself with a jar from an instinct of self defense, but not being a strong man he determined to bolt if he found himself in danger and get the chance.

"You must have passed him in the warehouse," whispered Kavanagh hoarsely. "I heard a bottle knocked over soon after you went. I thought it was you prying about. When I went up and turned round, I found him just behind me. He knocked the lantern out of my hand. I don't know where that is. I was behind me one moment—in front of me the next. What's that?" he exclaimed, suddenly dropping the jar and clutching Wright's arm.

Then, gaping with fear, he shrank back, nodding and glaring at the hopper through which Wright had come up.

Wright looked that way, too, but saw nothing. He thought the governor must be "gone off," or seized with "the jumps," or something. It made him feel shaky and queer to see a man usually so self composed so completely unnerved and panic stricken.

"Go down and look if he's there," whispered Kavanagh, laying his hand on the rail of the upper stairs, ready to fly at a moment's warning. "You shall have £10 if you stun him with that jar. If he's not there, run to the door and scream for help. I left a cab round the corner—the man will hear you—but come back here quick."

Reluctantly and with care Wright proceeded to obey these orders. He descended three stairs and then, crouching down, looked round the stoking floor, lit only in patches by the light from the fire holes. Right in the farther corner there were two twinkling points of light; probably it was nothing but a piece of coal reflecting a flickering ray from the kiln, but it looked like a pair of fiendish eyes, and that was enough for Wright. He ran back to the governor.

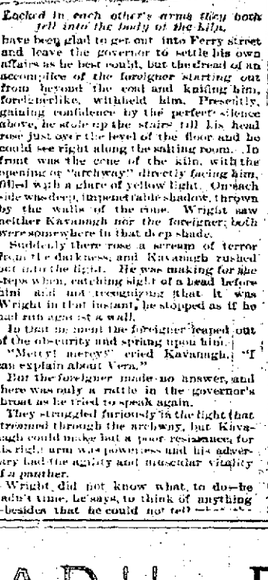
"He's down there," said he, only less appreheusive than the shaking wretch he spoke to.

"Where?"

"At the back of the kiln, twixt the steps and the door."

Without a word Kavanagh crept swiftly up the stairs to the floor above. Wright was about to follow, when some one brushed past him and ran up the stairs like a cat. It was the impish foreigner who had gone over the works earlier in the night, only now he wore neither boots nor hat, and his head was bald and shining.

Wright stood there breathless, at a loss to know what to do between duty to his master and duty to himself. He would



"You must be my wife!"

have been glad to get out into Ferry street and leave the governor to settle his own affairs as he best could, but the dread of an accomplice of the foreigner starting out from beyond the coal and knifing him, fore-stalled him. Presently, gaining confidence by the perfect silence above, he stole up the stairs till his head reached the level of the floor and he could see right along the salting room. In front was the scene of the kiln, with the opening or "archway" directly facing him, filled with a glare of yellow light. On each side was deep, impenetrable shadow, thrown by the walls of the oven. Wright saw neither Kavanagh nor the foreigner, both were somewhere in that deep shade.

Suddenly there rose a scream of terror from the darkness, and Kavanagh rushed out into the light. He was making for the steps when, catching sight of a head before him and not recognizing that it was Wright in that instant, he stopped as if he had run against a wall.

In that moment the foreigner leaped out of the obscurity and sprang upon him.

"Mercy! mercy!" cried Kavanagh. "I can explain about Vera."

But the foreigner made no answer, and there was only a rattle in the governor's throat as he tried to speak again.

They struggled furiously in the light that streamed through the archway, but Kavanagh could make but a poor resistance, for his right arm was powerless and his adversary had the agility and muscular vitality of a panther.

Wright did not know what to do—he hadn't time, he says, to think of anything—besides that he could not tell——

foreigner was after. He only saw that the little man was dragging and shoving the governor nearer and nearer to the archway. Kavanagh must have known, though, for his struggles grew more and more frantic as they approached the opening in the kiln. Wright perceived the purpose of the foreigner when Kavanagh, with a wild scream, made a desperate effort to cling to the side of the archway. Then Wright found strength to run to his assistance, but it was too late. The foreigner had torn Kavanagh away from the wall and got him right on to the dome, and they were swaying to and fro in the death struggle within a foot of the hole in the middle of the dome. For a moment they swayed there right over the steady flame. Then Kavanagh's foot slipped, and locked in each other's arms they both fell and toppled down into the body of the kiln. Then, William Wright says, the yellow flame turned a red brown for a minute or two with the thick smoke that streamed up.

CHAPTER LI.

I BECOME A PRINCESS.

When Mr. Pelham brought the news of Kavanagh's death to us, he exclaimed in accents of horror:

"What a shocking event! What an awful tragedy!" And he added with still deeper pathos, "What a beautiful case we have lost!"

"There is plenty left for you to do," said Gordon. "Affairs at Lambeth must be in a very complicated condition."

"Terribly complicated, I should say, sir. The heirs of the late Mr. Kavanagh will naturally put in a claim upon the estate."

"You will settle that to them, and if they claim more fight 'em."

"Fight them, sir!—yes, with pleasure. Then there's Mr. Bell's claim as partner."

"Well, I beg you to do the very best you can for him."

"Certainly, but there's your own solicitor. He may raise objections in your behalf."

"So much the better for you. You can fight him. Make a good job of it, you know. Don't hurry it."

"You can depend upon that. I allude, of course, to making a good job of it."

The next great event was the marriage of George Gordon and Judith Bell. That was a very grand affair, for George would have it so. There were eight bridesmaids,

and I was one of them. The Grange was full of visitors at that time, every room was occupied, and the place rang with the pleasant sound of laughter and young voices from morning till night. Indeed from night till morning sometimes when there was dancing. Mere Lucas consented to have a cook under her, and the whole manage ment of the house was given to me and a bevy of new servants.

All this was very strange to me. That perhaps is why I find it so difficult to describe. It was delightful to find myself surrounded by cultivated girls who led even these lives, to listen to their eager talk about dress and trifles and to feel that I also was free from care and anxiety. I shared their pleasures to the full and joined with excitement in all their amusements. I was light hearted and happy through the whole round of innocent dissipation, and yet—well, I was happier still when it was all over and we were left, Tarns and I, to renew our quiet life.

Tarns seemed to regret the absence of his friends more than I. He was unusually grave the morning after Gordon and his wife went away.

"You miss the hum of voices?" I said as we were walking in the garden.

"Yes. It is like evening after a busy day."

"It cannot always be day," said I gently to comfort him, "and after all, evening is the most beautiful time."

"Do you think so?" he asked quickly.

"I am afraid I do. I love calm too much perhaps; I can think of nothing more beautiful than a quiet life, such as we lived in the old days. You see I am unused to society, and I added hopefully, "in time I shall fall in with the ways of other people and like them more. I must like all that you like."

"Would you never want anything more than I could give you—nothing more than a share in the joys of a man like me?"

"There is no other man like you. If I share all that befalls you—joys and griefs—and be always your companion, your little friend"——

"You must be more to me than that," he said, stopping and speaking with passionate fervor as he took me into his arms. "You must be my wife!"

We were married quietly before Gordon and his wife returned from their honeymoon, and thus Tarns gave me his second name—more than that indeed, for those who like the sound of titles call me the Princess Borgenski.

THE END.

Caring For Man and Beast.

I saw a pretty instance of thoughtfulness recently. A lady had left her carriage in front of a drug store and gone inside for a glass of soda water. The horses were very restive, and the young negro coachman looked warm and tired. His employer must have noticed this, too, for when she had finished her soda she had another glassful drawn and brought it herself to the carriage. Then, to keep the horses still while the coachman drank, she slipped up by their heads and talked to them the soft nothings which a high-bred horse appreciates as much as does a human listener. There would be many worse lots in the world than being that woman's coachman—or even her horse.—Kate Field's Washington.

Silver in the Arts.

Of the $9,000,000 of silver used annually in the arts in the United States more than one-fourth ($2,500,000) is manufactured into solid spoons and forks, and the proportion in foreign countries is about the same. Including these millions of dollars' worth of the metal, about $5,000,000 are used in the silversmith's art. $2,500,000 are used for plated and silverware, and about $1,500,000 are applied in dentistry, photography, surgery, etc.—Exchange.

Ways of a Captive Wildcat.

Everybody has heard of Nic Arend's wildcat. The cat was given Nic some months ago and ever since has been living on the fat of the land. The cook, a colored woman at Nic's place, feeds the cat, which has manifested a great fondness for her. When she approaches the cage she purrs in the most pleased manner, but if anybody else comes about him he immediately growls and shows his wicked looking fangs. The cat is perfectly satisfied with his home. Two or three times his cage door has been accidentally left open, but he never even walked outside to see what the rest of the world looked like.

However, whenever it occurred that the cage door was left open, Nic always missed a chicken. The other day he saw the cat catch one. He simply crouched down by the dog and waited until the chicken, oblivious of danger, came along, and then he shot out his paw and had the chicken by the head. After he catches and kills the fowl he picks all the feathers off of it almost as carefully as a cook, and uses his mouth in the operation while holding the bird between his paws.—Florida Times-Union.

Rossetti's Grave.

Few, if any, visit with intention the last resting place of Dante Rossetti at Birchington, about a mile from Westgate-on-sea. Some there are indeed who have discovered the grave in a casual ramble through the churchyard of the little village, but they are few. This scarcity of visitors arises probably rather from ignorance as to where the poet-painter lies buried than from indifference. There must be many an admirer of Rossetti among the thousands who visit the various watering places of the Isle of Thanet who will be glad to learn that within a few miles' distance lies the little village of Birchington, uninteresting in itself, but full of memories of the great teacher.

A few years before his death Rossetti retired to the seclusion of a bungalow on the neighboring cliffs, where he was visited by a few select friends. It was in this one storied building, overlooking a vast expanse of the German ocean, that he died, on April 9, 1882. His grave lies close to the church porch, and the headstone is covered with beautiful carving, designed by Madox Brown.—London Illustrated News.

Peter Will Never Be an Orator.

Peter Phillips, a colored man, lost the power of speech in McDade some 15 years ago. He says he knows no reason for it. The most curious part of all is that he talks away from home as plainly as anybody. He runs the farm in an intelligent way, always making as good crops as his neighbors, and even when unable to talk his employers at the merchants or oil exchange as economically and sensibly made as the average man of his race. For years some people have doubted his statement and have thought he could talk if he would, but for more than 12 years no man has ever heard him speak a word in any town or at any public gathering.—Cor. Galveston News.

The Alexandrian Codex.

The "Alexandrian Codex," often referred to in Sci tural studies, is one of the most valuable and important manuscripts, of sacred writ known to be in existence. It is written in Greek on parchment in uncial letters and is without accents, marks of aspiration or spaces between the words. Its probable date is the latter part of the sixth century. As early as 1098 it is known to have been in the library of the patriarch of Alexandria. It was sent to England as a present to Charles I by Cyrillus Lycaris in 1628 and is now in the British museum.—St. Louis Republic.

It Was Unparalleled.

This story is told of the late Dr. Ho land, better known as "Timothy T comb." During the service of one of the large churches in Springfield, Mass., heavy electric storm came up, and one the gentlemen of the choir set out secure an omnibus to take the ladies home. Among the fair singers was certain Miss Etta S——, and as Dr. Holland was gallantly helping her into the vehicle a terrific clap of thunder startled them, upon which he remarked, "Et in terror pacis home in a bus" (Et terra pax hominibus). To close this strange tale, it may be well to add, that the doctor was not immediately struck by lightning, but died years afterwards peacefully in his bed.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Maine's White Whale.

Fisher folk on the islands in Casco bay Maine, are greatly interested over a wonderful white whale reported as cruising about that vicinity. Several fishermen are positive they have seen the strange animal at different times in the past two or three weeks, and others are inclined to think they have, but are hardly willing to swear to it.—Lewiston Journal.

Window Screens.

A transparency at a kitchen window attracted my notice the other day by its novelty. "I made it," said the owner, "because I could not get it transparency at the village store. I wanted one of those screens, you know, that permit you to see out, but do not let outsiders see in. I took an old frame for a wire screen, painted it to match the outside painting of the house and then tacked it to a piece of organdie, fitting it perfectly, and stretching it very tight. From this chintz I cut flowers and sprays, and arranging the design in my mind proceeded to paste them on. After all were on I laid a piece of pasteboard behind and put on heavy weights until they were dry. I then gave the whole a coat of white varnish."

Reasoned.

Angelina (anxiously)—Are you sure, dear, that you don't regret it, and that you don't sometimes miss your life as a bachelor?

Edwin (with cheerful conviction)—Not a bit. I tell you what, Angy, I miss it so little that if I were to lose you—as I'm blessed if I wouldn't marry again.—London Tit-Bits.

May Acquire Them.

"Brilliant and impulsive people," declares a lecturer on physiognomy, "have black eyes, or if they don't have them they're apt to get them if they're too impulsive."—London Tit-Bits.

An authority on weather declares that tornadoes are most frequent between noon and 6 o'clock, and that the rainiest hour of the day is 4 o'clock in the afternoon. This is the report of a meteorological expert, not a weather prophet.

READ! READ!! READ!!! READ!!!!

We are here, something you have wanted for years, A CLOTHING STORE where you can buy as cheap as in Buffalo or any other place.

We have a new stock of fine ready made clothing and prices to suit you all. Don't pay $20.00 for a suit when you can buy the same of us for $14.00.

Remember we are here to stay. Everything guaranteed as represented or money refunded.

Before you purchase call on us. We defy our competitors. No trouble to show goods.

Branch The Great Western Clothing House.

BELLINGER, STEVENS AND CO.,

SPRAGUE BLOCK. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Payable IN ADVANCE, one year $1.25; six months, 75 cents; three months, 50 cents. If not paid in advance, $1.50 will be charged.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion. Legal advertisements 7½ cents per line for each insertion.

Notices by the year, of for six or three months, on low and liberal terms, and will be furnished on application. Executors and administrators notices $3 each for six insertions.

Professional cards, not exceeding one inch in the per year.

Obituary notices over five lines, ten cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

All communications should be addressed to

OLSON & GILBERT,
Editors and Publishers.

Smethport, Pa., Jan 6, 1894.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are requested to announce the name of H. M. Smith as a candidate for the office of supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican caucus.

We are requested to announce the name of W. F. Beckwith as a candidate for the office of supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican caucus.

WE are very much pleased to learn that Mr Choate and Mr. Specht retain their old positions in the Prothonotary's office.

WHAT has become of the dinner pail brigade? Last year they could be met every day, but now they are not to be seen. Something wrong. Wonder if Cleveland, Wilson & Co. could answer.

HON. GALUSHA A. GROW was nominated for Congressman-at-large by acclamation at Harrisburg on Wednesday, Jan 3, 1894, to fill the unexpired term caused by the death of Gen. Lilly.

WE wonder if Cleveland would not like to have a substitute now, as well as during the war. We think he would sleep better nights if he had someone to lay the blame upon. "Uneasy lies the crowned head."

SHERMAN GRIFFITH comes into the District Attorney's office fully equipped to cope with all the legal points of law that will come under his supervision. May he be as successful as his predecessor, Mr. Bonton has been.

MR. WALKER assumed charge of the Sheriff's office on Monday the first of January. We trust the new Sheriff will have a pleasant and prosperous term and retire with as much credit and honor as his predecessor, Mr. Griffith.

GEORGE W. MEDDERS comes in as Prothonotary under very pleasing circumstances. We are satisfied he will find the office in good shape, and with his able corps of assistants there is no reason why his term in office should not be pleasant and agreeable.

HOW happy it would make the free-trade Democratic Congressmen if some poor laboring man would get up a petition in favor of passing the Wilson bill. But, alas! they hope in vain. The laboring man has his eyes opened at last, and monkeying with the tariff will only spread them wider.

THE new board of commissioners enter upon the duties with courage and energy, and we have not a particle of doubt but what they will faithfully and honestly discharge their duties. The following is a list of new appointments: E. M. Kerns, clerk; Mr. Thomas Ryan, overseer of poor farm; J. P. Baldwin, mercantile appraiser; Dennis Quinlin, janitor. Gentlemen the MINER wishes you all success.

FROM 1854 to 1866, coal was on the free list. The imports of coal from Canada increased during the period from 120,000 tons a year to 165,000. A duty of $1 25 a ton was put on coal in 1866, which was lowered to 75 cents a ton in 1872. The imports dropped to 79,000 tons in 1879 and have since remained at about that figure. There is an illustration of how protection keeps the American market for Americans.—*Buffalo Express.* Queer how the Republican papers will kick over this *good* Wilson bill that is going to help the poor laboring man.

WITH this issue of the new year, 1894, the MINER tips its new heading to its many readers. We feel proud of our new head dress and hope it will please our readers. We will try and make the reading matter of interest to our subscribers. As time passes we hope to become better acquainted, more able to understand the needs of our patrons. Trusting that you will bear with us until our editorial harness gets in proper shape, which we hope to accomplish as time passes, our aim will be to make a paper suited to the needs of the people of McKean county. We ask your assistance in this matter as far as lies in your power. Wishing you all a happy new year and continued prosperity.

MANY strangers in this county we were somewhat surprised on December 22nd to see an article in the *Democrat* of that date in regard to the indebtedness of the Monument Association Soldiers, in the name of the people of McKean county we crave your pardon. The brave boys of 1861 and 1865 who went to the front and willingly placed themselves as targets for rebel bullets and a breastwork for their bayonets deserve to be held in cherished remembrance by those who enjoy the fruits of the soldiers' and sailors' sacrifices. We felt ashamed of ourselves when the discovery was made that the monument erected in memory of the nation's brave defenders has not been paid for and a suit is now on the court calendar. This should not be. We heartily join Brother Lindsley in his noble effort in behalf of reequing the soldiers' monument from indebtedness. The MINER also offers five dollars as a mite to wipe out the debt against the monument erected in memory of our country's brave defenders. People of McKean county, emulate the days of '61 and wipe out this debt. Let this matter receive prompt attention, so that when G. A. R. Post 347, of Smethport, invite their comrades to our town they need not blush with shame when attention is called to the monument. Remember that only for the brave defenders of our country this nation would be in a sorry plight. Let us come to the front now with our pocketbooks as the veterans did with their lives in 1861.

OUTGOING OFFICIALS.

J. M. McElroy, at the end of three successive terms as Prothonotary and Recorder of McKean county, retires from the above offices crowned with all the honors that could be desired, and the commendation of the public at large. Wherever Mr. McElroy's lot may be cast the MINER wishes him all the success and happiness that heart could wish for.

Hugh P. Brawley, the able Deputy Prothonotary, after 12 years continued service, steps out with the satisfaction of having performed his duties to the satisfaction of all concerned. It speaks well for Mr. Brawley, being a Democrat, to serve under a Republican head. Good luck to you, Mr. B.

The retiring board of Commissioners, after a stormy voyage of three years, turned the public affairs over to the new board. The old acts of the Legislature makes the office of County Commissioner anything but a pleasure. The law will not permit the Commissioners to pay more than twenty-five cents per day for board of prisoners. Consequently there is trouble at once between the Sheriff and the Commissioners. We hope the next Legislature will do something to help regulate this matter and stop all this difficulty. Pass a bill allowing fifty cents a day. To the outgoing board of Commissioners the MINER wishes them all happiness and success.

Murray R Greer, after twelve years continued service as Commissioners' Clerk, steps out with the happy thought that he has been faithful in the discharge of his duties. The MINER wishes you success, Mr. Greer, and hopes your lines may be cast in pleasant places.

C. S. King, the able manager of the poor farm, retires from his position feeling well satisfied that he has been faithful and energetic in the performance of all his duties. There seems to be considerable regret at Mr King's retirement. But Mr King is of that happy disposition that he will come right side up anywhere. May he flourish and be happy.

Walter Grubb steps out of the sheriff's office with the satisfaction of having thoroughly performed his duties, and with the commendation of everyone. At the close of his official career he had a disagreeable duty to perform, but he carried it through successfully to the end without the slightest hitch. The MINER wishes Mr. Grubb and family success and prosperity.

W. B Clarke, the efficient and gentlemanly deputy sheriff, after nine years of continued service, three as sheriff and six as deputy, bids adieu to the office with entire satisfaction to himself and the people generally as to the manner in which he has conducted the affairs entrusted to his care. Mr Clarke, may you always be happy and your shadow never grow less.

Joseph W Bouton goes out of the District Attorney's office with a good record, having had three homicide cases, and succeeded in securing a conviction in each case. Well, the only thing that can be said against Mr. Bouton, is that he is a democrat. The MINER wishes him happiness and success, and hopes he will become a republican.

STRAWS INDICATE WHICH WAY THE WIND BLOWS.

All over the country, since the Wilson bill began to assume form, we hear of the laboring classes uniting solidly against its passage. If, as the Democratic party claimed, the McKinley bill made the rich richer and the poor poorer, why do the poor laboring men all over the country protest against the repeal of the said McKinley bill and the passage of the Wilson bill? During the campaign of 1892 the Democratic party made such a warfare upon the McKinley bill that a great many laboring men began to think themselves a very much abused class and voted for a change. A change they seem to have experienced, and by their ballot last fall freely acknowledging their mistake. Any party that will not listen to the voice of the people, generally hears something drop.

Casually when a new measure is under discussion, if it becomes popular with the masses, they very quickly show their approval of it by numerous gatherings. But we fail to find a single instance in this great land of the free where there has been a gathering of the people in approval of the Wilson bill. But we can hear a rumbling in the air which has a sound of serious dissatisfaction which will increase as time rolls on that even the Democratic House of Congress will hear. Gentlemen, "you can fool some of the people part of the time but you cannot fool the whole people all the time."

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

Every Person is Interested Now in Making The Dollar Go Far.

"Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves" is a maxim that is peculiarly applicable to these hard times. Watchfulness at all times is foolish; it is worse than that now when thousands are suffering from lack of the necessaries of life.

The Pittsburg *Times* is an object lesson in proper economy. It presents one of the chief necessities of life—all the news,—at the lowest possible cost. Notwithstanding the fact that the Pittsburg *Times* is sold for only one cent a day, the claim is made for it that it is the most complete newspaper printed in Pittsburg, that every occurrence of human interest in every part of the globe is promptly reported in its columns; that it is essentially a paper for the hour, everything of an objectionable character being excluded; that it is the only paper in Pittsburg whose market reports are reliable and revised every day in the week; that it supplies daily a carefully prepared department for the ladies, and once a week report, prepared by experts, of special interest to agricultural readers, and, finally, it is the only Pittsburg newspaper which prints daily the highest class of fiction.

In addition to all this, it offers to all its readers as a nominal cost the opportunity of securing one of the highest class magazines printed in the country, and to the ladies their choice during the year 1894, of twelve of the most approved paper patterns, with privilege of selecting from a list of 50,000. Send for a sample copy of the *Times* which will be mailed you free, and see how these promises are fulfilled. If there is no agent for the *Times* in your locality, a profitable business can be established by writing for the agency.

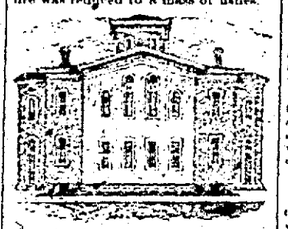
"During the epidemic of la grippe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy took the lead here and was much better liked than other cough medicines." H. M. Bangs, druggist, Chatsworth, Ill. The grip is much the same as a very severe cold and requires precisely the same treatment. This remedy is prompt and effectual and will prevent any tendency of the disease toward pneumonia. For sale by A. B. Armstrong.

SMETHPORT SCHOOLS.

A HANDSOME GRADED SCHOOL AND ACADEMY BUILDING JUST COMPLETED.

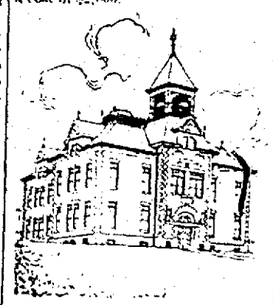
A Synopsis of the History of Our Public Schools Since 1824—An Illustrated Description of the New Building Which is a Pride of the Borough—An Energetic School Board—Short Sketch of the Professors.

On Tuesday morning, January 31, 1893, the people of Smethport were aroused from their peaceful slumbers by the shrill screams of the alarm whistle on the hose house, about two hours after midnight. Its appeals were soon answered, and quickly the fire department were around the old school building which being on fire, had occasioned the alarm. Despite the heroic efforts of our fire fighters, the building was soon covered with a mass of flames shooting high into the silent air and illuminating the darkness of night to the brilliancy of day. The flames spread rapidly and burned fiercely until the whole wooden structure was reduced to a mass of ashes.



THE OLD SCHOOL BUILDING.

The school building thus destroyed was erected in 1874, at a cost of $8,000. When the agitation of a new building began in 1893, it was claimed by many people of this borough that such a building was not necessary, nor would the needs of the town ever require such a commodious building. The building in question was divided into five departments and four teachers were employed, Prof. A. R Train being the first principal. Only the four rooms on the ground floor were used at this time, for the accomodation of the school. The assembly room was used for entertainments, etc. But the borough continued to "increase and multiply," and in 1888 it was necessary to add an east wing to the building at a cost of $2,000.



THE NEW SCHOOL BUILDING.

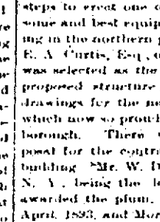
The ashes reduced from the old building had scarcely become cool before the energetic Smethport Board of School Directors of '93, were taking steps to erect one of the most handsome and best equipped school building in the northern part of the State. E. A Curtis, Esq., of Fredonia, N. Y. was selected as the architect of the proposed structure and prepared the drawings for the new brick building which now so proudly ornaments our borough. There were eleven bids for the contract to erect the building Mr. W. D Moore, of Olean, N. Y., being the lowest bidder was awarded the plum, the 20th day of April, 1893, and Morris Hall, the present accomodating janitor, struck the first lick on the new building. The new building is now completed in an artistic style and furnished with all modern equipments. It is heated by the Smead system and lighted by natural gas. The seats are single and each desk has a lock. A grand upright oak finished piano has been placed in the assembly room one of Mr. Burdick's best.

The building, itself, is 87 feet long, and the front 69 feet wide. From the basement to top of the spire is 96 feet. On the ground floor are the Primary and Grammar School Departments two rooms for each of said departments and each room being 24x32 feet with a 14 feet ceiling. On the second floor is the High School Department, composed of the assembly room 42x46 feet with a 17 feet ceiling, two recitations rooms each 25x32 feet and the principal's office in the front of the building all separated by elegantly finished halls.

The building as it now faces King street is a very pretty structure and reflects great credit upon the present Board of School Directors who have taken such an active interest in the erection of the building. The walls are made of a good quality of brick, with stone trimmings and covered with a substantial slate roof. The School Board is compose of the following gentlemen: Hon. T. A. Morrison, president; E. L. Keenan, secretary; W. D. Gallup, S. J. Gifford, E. R Mayo, and F. W. Brownell.

THE FACULTY.

Prof. I. L. Twilley, of Baltimore, Md., was elected last June as the Principal of the Smethport Graded School and Academy. He is a graduate of a prominent Maryland institution of learning, with the degree of A. M., and has had five years of successful experience as a teacher in the higher grade schools. He comes to us highly endorsed by such well known men as U. S. Senator A. P. Gorman and ex Governor E. E. Jackson of Maryland, ex-Auditor General Jerome B. Niles of this state and many other men of high standing in both school and state. He is also a practical Journalist having learned the business in all its branches. He is a fluent writer and has traveled over most of the United States, Canada and Mexico as well as Europe, as a special correspondent of a leading daily. He is also well versed in music and is making himself useful in our church choirs. Besides his many other accomplishments he is a successful stenographer and a thoroughly good all around man for his present avocation.



Miss Lizzie Brennan the first assistant in the High School is a native of this town and a graduate of the Fredonia Normal School. Miss Brennan taught one year at Sherman, N. Y., where she gave excellent satisfaction as a teacher. This is her second year in her present position and she is well liked by the scholars and community.

Miss Grace Kirkland the new principal of the Grammar Department is also a graduate of the Fredonia State Normal School and a native of Deerfield, Illinois, and gave general satisfaction. She is doing good work in our schools.

The first assistant in this department is Mrs. Carrie Smith of this town. She has had a number of years experience as a teacher and her work is too well known to require further mention from us.

The Primary Department is under the care of Miss Harriet L. Haycock, of Dunkirk, N. Y., and Miss Adda Burch, of Greenville, Pa. Both are able and experienced teachers and are well recommended by their patrons. Miss Haycock is a graduate of the Fredonia Normal School and is a good musician. She was Principal of the grammar department in the Tonawanda N. Y., schools last year, and is a successful teacher.

Miss Burch taught for several years in the Greenville graded schools and is also a ready newspaper writer of local note. She is a very enthusiastic worker.

The MINER extends the best wishes to the Principal, Teachers and Scholars and hopes they will meet with grand success so as that the year 1894 will be one of the brightest years of their lives.

A NEW PRAYER.

Oh, Almighty, and all powerful Cleveland, who art in Washington, when not fishing, thou who are the father of Ruth and Ruth's sister, and the godfather of the democratic party (if a father wouldn't own it if he were here), we hail thy name as the great political prophet of the century. We bow down before thee in humble political obedience to thee than-say-est go, we go, when thou sayest come, we come. We have no desire but to serve thee. If thou sayest black is white we will swear to it and lick the everlastin' stuffin' out of the man who disputes it. When thou takest snuff we will sneeze, when thou sayest free silver we will echo thy words, when thou sayest gold then gold it is. We are democrats after the most improved modern type. Our business is to vote the ticket and vote straight. What is it to us whether we have free silver or the gold? We are but dogs that eat of the crumbs that fall from our master's tables. When the crumbs fall we wag our tails, when they fall fast we wag faster, and when they don't fall we stand and wait until they do. This is democracy. This is the kind of democracy which elected thee, our great and almighty Cleveland. Oh, most adored master, we love thee for what thou has not done for us. We love thee because thou art Cleveland. We humbly surrender ourselves to thee. Do with us as thou will. Though wheat is but 40 cents a bushel we love thee, though cotton is low we love thee, though business is dull we love thee, though thousands, millions are out of employment we love thee though our children are clothed in rags we love them, though our wife, the dear companion of our bosom, is scantily dressed and looks as shabby she can't go to church as we love thee, though we are sinking deeper in debt and poverty is knocking at the door, and hunger is staring us in the face, we love thee still. This shows our great faith and love for thee. Our wives and children we are willing to sacrifice even as the Hindoo mother sacrifices her offspring by throwing it under the wheels of the juggernaut. Oh, mighty Cleveland, words cannot express our love for thee. We love our party, too. What care we about the many promises it made? We know it promised free silver, and we know it won't give it to us, but we will stick to the party. We know we said if it did not do the things we promised to do we would leave it. But we lied when we said it. We is right then we had some manhood about us, but we ain't. We have no manhood once. Then, oh, mighty Cleveland, we all the machine, and I myself am once in the party. Where else to have bookspittles, methods? We have no business to want anything or to say anything. Last year we favored free silver and now we have to oppose it. We favored it then because we thought it was right. We oppose it now most school masters become then collect rents. Ain't we a honey of the first water? Did ever dog serve his master more faithfully? Did ever dog get less for it? Oh, mighty master, we are ever ready to serve thee and party. All the pay we ask is to be patted on the back by some local politician and called a good democrat. We ain't got any sense. We don't want any, only enough to vote the ticket. It don't take any sense to be a good democrat. What a joyful thought. We don't have to think. We don't have to worry. Our work is mapped out for us. All that's expected of us to do what we are told to do. We thank thee, oh, Cleveland, that we are democrats. We thank thee for the panic. We thank thee for the hungry and idle men and women in the land. We thank thee for low prices. We thank thee for the banks that have busted and the thousands of business failures since thou last came into power. We thank thee for the rags our children wear. We thank thee for the clothes our wife needs and can't get. We thank thee for, what thou hast done for the banker and what thou has not done for the people. We thank thee for all these things because it is our duty as a good democrat to do so. It may be "against the grain," but we will take our medicine. We will work our wives to death, starve our children, sacrifice our homes, crucify liberty and kill prosperity, but will never go back on our dear old party, and on thee, our most adored Cleveland. Thou art more accursed than all of us put together. Thou know more than the south and west. Call us fools; spit in our faces, wipe your feet on us; we will love thee all the more. And now our great political father, we leave us in thy care. Do with us as thou will. Lock up the banks in the middle of the next century, give more privileges to the national banks, issue more bonds; preserve the McKinley bill; establish state banks, foster trusts; bribe congressmen, with patronage; flirt whenever thou will, and hunt snipe whenever thou carest to, and we will indorse everything thou doest, carry Cleveland roasters, campaign torches and forevermore sing thy praise. Amen.

The above prayer was delivered at a Democratic county convention in Colorado by Mayor Croke, of Irwin, that State, and was published in the Gunnison *Tribuna*.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Castle, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia, and Rheumatism, his Stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ills., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speak, Statesburg, S. C., had five large fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle of Electric Bitters and one box of Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold at Frank R. Foster's and A. B. Armstrong's Drug Store.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, January 3, '94:—Although this has been a week without a session of either branch of Congress, it has been an important one in its developments. One of the most important of its developments has been the struggle within the Ways and Means Committee over the question of an income tax. Such members of the Committee as McMillin, of Tennessee, and Bryan, of Nebraska, were found to be very persistent in their support of an income tax as a part of the tariff bill, while Chairman Wilson, Bourke Cochran, of New York, and Congressman Montgomery, Connecticut, also members of the Committee, opposed it. So the Democratic members were found almost equally divided against themselves on this important question, and whether it will get into the bill and stay in it is very uncertain. Mr. McMillin, who is leading the fight in favor of a tax on incomes, wants to impose a tax of two per cent. on all incomes above four thousand dollars per annum, which he estimates would bring about thirty million dollars per month to the Government. He also estimates that a tax on legacies and successions would bring about ten millions more, and that a tax on playing cards and a few trifles of this kind would obviate the necessity for a further tax upon the staple article of Democratic consumption, whiskey. All this fighting in favor of tax on incomes is understood to be in direct opposition to the views of the administration. The President and Secretary Carlisle, it is understood, doubt the wisdom of an attempt to tax incomes. They are thoroughly under the control of the New York financial influences and, of course, that influence would be dead against a tax upon incomes. So the views of the year 1892 found the Democrats still in a state of great uncertainty as to their course in regard to their much wanted tariff reductions. This has been their chief war cry—a reduction and destruction of the tariff—yet Congress has been in session most of the time since the first of August, but without having accomplished anything and still this important question—the agitation of which is causing so much financial depression, so much loss to manufacturers, so much suffering and want and starvation to the unemployed millions, remain in a state of uncertainty. It is simply another link in the long chain of evidence of the truth of the incapacity of the Democratic party to rule for the good of the nation and its people.

Perhaps the most startling development of the week to the Democrats and one which was especially painful because it came from Democratic sources was a statement made in that reliable old Democratic paper, the Baltimore *Sun*, to the effect that the Treasury deficiency instead of being fifty millions as has been constantly asserted is really two hundred millions.

LITERARY NOTES.

We have just received from the American Humane Education Society copies of the "Band Mine Series No 2," entitled "The strike of Stones," a sequel to "Black Beauty." The story is intended to point out some of the mistaken ideas held by men in general in regard to the relations existing between the human race and the lower animals and birds. It is a well written story, and will undoubtedly be fered with as much interest and by as many persons as was "Black Beauty." The price of the book is 10 cts. Write to Geo. T. Angell, 19 Milk street, Boston, Mass.

What the Salvation Army is doing for the great army of the unemployed is the subject of two timely articles in this summer of *Harper's Weekly*, by Commander Ballington Booth and Evangeline Cory Booth, and in a series of "The Work of the Shelter Brigade," and Mrs. Booth of "The Women's Work in the Slums." The articles are accompanied by striking portraits of Commander Booth and Mrs. Booth.

A new force for Mr. W. D. Howells is announced for the February *Harper's Magazine*. It is called "A Masterpiece of Diplomacy," and is a romance of love from the country of Queer ones, by Mrs. Roberts, who combines physical culture, building, old and new school theories of her supposedly sick soul.

Rolls Off to See Bonus.

Distressing kidney and liver disorders cannot long exist where Electric Bitters are used. Every trial results in surprise and delight to pleasure on account of its extraordinary prompt action in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages. It makes weak kidneys strong, it relieves retention of water almost immediately. If you have backache, or suffer from any kidney trouble use Electric Bitters. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport, Pa.

For a cough that hangs on, nothing is better than Boschee's German Syrup. Many cases of consumption are cured by it. Try it. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport, Pa.

Rock Ice Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever, sores and skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Frank R. Foster, Druggist.

Mr. J. C. Bewell, one of the best known and most respected citizens of Brownwood, Texas, suffered with diarrhœa for a long time and tried many different remedies without benefit, until Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy was used, that relieved him at once. For sale by A. B. Armstrong.

Downs' Elixir will cure any cough or cold, no matter of how long standing. For sale by H. C. Wells.

Not one minute elapses between the taking of One Minute Cough Cure and relief. Why shouldn't people take One Minute Cough Cure? They should. They do. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

Do not suppose that because it is recommended for animals that Arnica & Oil Liniment is an offensive preparation. It will not stain clothing or the finest skin. For Sale by H. C. Wells.

To the Unemployed.

It will pay you to collect names and addresses of people in your own vicinity for us. We will pay 10 cents per name in cash. Ladies and gentlemen, young and old, everywhere can make a steady income by doing our work. Anyone who can write can succeed. Workers in earnest need are making money for our collectors. Send 30 cents to-day for particulars containing, blanks, instructions and supplies worth 75 cents to anyone. State where you saw this notice. Address,

JUNIATA SPECIALTY & ADDRESS CO.
Box 136 Mapleton Depot, Pa.

La Grippe Again.

The re-appearance of the "grip" calls to mind the experience of Jas. O. Jones, publisher of the *Leader*, Mexia, Texas. He was sick in bed for 10 days with the grip during the prevalence a year or two ago. Later in the season he had a second attack. He says: "In the latter case I used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and with considerable success. I think, only being in bed a little over two days. The second attack, I am satisfied, would have been equally as bad as the first, but for the use of this remedy." It should be borne in mind that the grip is much the same as a very severe cold and requires precisely the same treatment. When you wish to cure a cold quickly and effectually give this remedy a trial. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by A. B. Armstrong.

B.H.&C.

Buffalo, January 3, 1894

As regularly as January comes we inaugurate a special sale of Linens, Cottons, Shirts and Muslin Underwear, making such values as shall induce early trade by reason of sheer gain. For weeks back we have been piling up the merchandise and making every preparation for a January business very much ahead of anything in the past.

The general facts are:

First—Equal inducements for great sales were never before made here.

Second—The facilities for buying were never so ample or complete.

Third—Prices were never so uniformly low.

The kinds of Muslin Underwear that comprise this sale include:

Night Dresses,
Drawers,
Shirts,
Corset Covers,
Chemises,

all at prices beyond comparison for cheapness and in qualities the best for good wear.

Linens and Cottons will interest every housekeeper within a hundred miles of the store, on account of the surprising bargains. Among the Linens there will be:

Finest of Double Damasks.
Fringed Cloths.
Odd Cloths.
Extra heavy Damask.
Towels.
Napkins.
Bed Spreads.
Turkey Red Damasks.
Toweling.
Glass Cloth.

It will be worth the time and expense of a special journey—without doubt.

Men's White Shirts are being sold *at less than cost*. The manufacturer accepted our terms rather than shut up shop and we're giving you the benefit of our good fortune.

Watch the Buffalo papers for details of this sale.

BARNES, GENGERER & CO.

HOTEL CAPITOL,
OLEAN, N. Y.

Having removed from my old stand on Laurel street to my new quarters on State street, opposite the Opera House, which I have refitted and furnished throughout, I invite my old friends and the traveling public generally to come and see if I have not the best hotel in one of the county.

W. P. PETERSON.

JAMES B. BENSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office on Second Street,
COUDERSPORT, PA.

C. C. PECK. A. A. BUCK.
PECK & BUCK,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Offices, COUDERSPORT, PA
N. W. Cor. Main & Second Sts., 2nd floor.

H. C. DUNCAN. JOHN DUNCAN
DUNCAN & DUNCAN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
COUDERSPORT, PA.
Office over Main and Third Sts.

HAVE YOU READ
THE TIMES
PHILADELPHIA,
THIS MORNING?

THE TIMES is the most extensively circulated and widely read newspaper published in Pennsylvania. Its discussion of public men and public measures is in the interest of public integrity, honest government and prosperous industry, and it knows no party or personal allegiance in treating public issues. In the broadest and best sense it is a truly and generally newspaper.

THE TIMES aims to have the largest circulation merely by deserving it, and relies upon that it is unsurpassed for all the essentials of a great metropolitan newspaper. Specimen copies of any edition will be sent free to any one sending their address.

TERMS—DAILY, $3.00 per annum; $1.00 for four months; 30 cents per month, delivered in the city or carriers for 15 cents per week. SUNDAY EDITION, 24 large, handsome pages, 168 columns, elegantly illustrated, $2.00 per annum; 5 cents per copy. Daily and Sunday, $5.00 per annum; 50 cents per month. WEEKLY EDITION, 50 cents per annum.

Address all letters to
THE TIMES,
PHILADELPHIA.

FOR SALE.
The Kittredge Opera House
SMETHPORT, PA.

Lot 40 feet front by 115 feet deep, situate on the corner of Main and Sheldon streets. The building contains two store rooms on Main st. and two more if store rooms on Sheldon st., one completed, the second nearly completed. Dwelling rooms in the rear. A good spring of living water on the premises. Seating capacity of the opera house, 500; fully seated, good lighting, scenery, etc., etc. Has recently had $1,000 worth of new scenery put in since. Stores and dwelling heated by gas. This is a desirable and profitable investment to any one contemplating engaging in business.

On account of the death of the former proprietor and his estate, the property will be sold at a great sacrifice. For terms apply to

MRS. JULIA E. KITTREDGE,
or E. L. KEENAN, Attorney,
Smethport, Pa.

Legal Notice.

IN THE ORPHANS COURT OF MCKEAN COUNTY.

In Re, Estate of W. B. Lamphier, deceased.

Petition of H. F. Cory, guardian of Eva M. Lamphier, now the wife of E. J. Sharp; Anna E. Lamphier, now the wife of H. D. Pratt; and Attie G. Lamphier, minor children of W. B. Lamphier, deceased, to sell real estate of said minors.

Notice is hereby given that having been appointed by the said Court to investigate the facts and report both upon the expediency of granting the order of sale prayed for as well as upon the authority of the Court to do so, I will attend to the duties of my appointment at my office in the borough of Bolivar, on Thursday, the 25th day of January, A. D. 1894 at 10 o'clock, a. m., when and where all parties interested may appear and be heard.

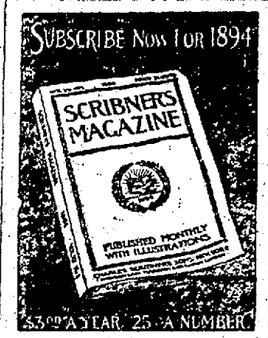
51-3t P. K. COTTER, Auditor.

FORCED SALE!

Having an Overstock of Heavy Weight Goods, I find that to move them quick FORCED SALE Prices must be the order of the hour. I therefore will sell all Heavyweight Suits, Overcoats and Trousers, at prices that leave profit out of the question.

L. C. HAYNES, The Cash Tailor.

OLEAN, N. Y., Dec. 13, 1893.



A year's subscription to SCRIBNER MAGAZINE will bring into your home twelve monthly numbers, aggregating over 1500 pages of the best and most interesting reading, and more than 700 beautiful illustrations.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

George W. Cable will begin in the January number a romance entitled "Joan March Southerner."

Two other important serials have been engaged: J. A. Barrie, author of the famous "Little Minister," has written a new story, the first since that famous story. George Meredith, the great English novelist, has in preparation a novel entitled "The Amazing Marriage."

SHORT STORIES will be abundant. W. D. Howells, Miss Elliot, W. H. Bishop, Lafcadio Hearn, Paul Bourget, Joel Chandler Harris and many new writers will contribute.

STUDIES OF AMERICAN LIFE will be an important feature, including Newport, Bar Harbor, Lenox, etc., and the West.

ILLUSTRATIONS will be even more numerous and beautiful than ever. A series of frontispieces chosen by Philip Gilbert Hamerton will be especially notable.

Complete Prospectus sent on request.

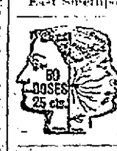
SPECIAL OFFER. The numbers for 1893, and a subscription for 1894, ... $4.75
The same, with 6 cloth members bound in, ... 6.00

Sample copy 10 cents.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,
743 Broadway, N. Y.

THE WORLD
LIQUOR STORE,
A. SCHELIN, Prop.
165 STATE STREET,
OLEAN, N. Y.
All Orders Promptly Filled.

H. WARSHAFSKY,
Dealer in
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
TOBACCO, &C.
East Smethport, Pa.—v31 n1 ly.



Act on a new principle—regulating the liver, stomach, bowels and kidneys through the nerves. Dr. Miles' Nervine cures headache, fits, nervousness, sleeplessness, backache, loss of memory, dizziness, nervous prostration, neuralgia, paralysis, sick headache, epilepsy, St. Vitus' dance, etc. First dose benefits. Sold by druggists on guarantee. Book and advice free. Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

1894.
Harper's Bazar.
ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S BAZAR is a journal for the home. It gives the fullest and latest information about Fashions, and its numerous illustrations, patterns, designs, and articles about shopping are recognized as a guide to the home dressmaker and the practical milliner. No expense is spared to make its artistic engravings of the highest order, its bright stories, amusing remarks, and thoughtful essays adapted to all tastes, and its fast page is famous as a budget of wit and humor. In its weekly issues, ruling questions of the day are discussed by women. The serials for 1894 will be written by William Black and Walter Besant. Short stories will be written by Mary E. Wilkins, Maria Louise Pool, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Marion Harland, and others. Unlimited information, Paris and London fashions, Personal Gossip, and other interesting topics will receive careful attention. A new edition is printed of each issue.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS:

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4.00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4.00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4.00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2.00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

The volumes of the BAZAR begin with the first Number of January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at the time of receipt of order.

Bound Volumes of HARPER'S BAZAR for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid, or by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), for $7.00 per volume. Cloth cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $1.00 each.

Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of HARPER & BROTHERS.

Address: HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

EXCELSIOR
MARBLE .·. AND .·. GRANITE .·. WORKS,
W. H. PRENTISS & CO., Props.

Marble and Granite and Cemetery work Special attention will be paid to all orders for grading and fencing of Cemetery Lots, Cleaning, Resetting or Lettering of Monuments and Headstones. For prices or any other information call at office or address us.

Office and Works on Water St, Smethport, Pa.

HOMES
NEAR BRADFORD

Can save more money than they known of right in Bradford. There is no trouble. Things are delivered just as readily, and almost as quickly as if you bought a block away from home, and the saving is frequently as much as things cost in this store. It's worth having. Try it.

Our $19.50
SEWING
MACHINE
Is the $55 machine of others. It is the latest Demorest, modern and improved. But there are no traveling men, no agents no installment plans. That saves the difference. The actual saving is $35.00. It seems erroneous, but it is true. A look as the machine will convince you.

Our $14
HEATING
STOVE
Is the Radiant Home, No. 20. It is the standard size of the best gas heating stove in the world. It is the only stove with the upright asbestos burner. The No. 15 of the same style costs $10. They are the cheapest good stoves on the market. No one who sees there wants another.

MILLS
NEAR BRADFORD

Never find a mill supply lacking in this stock. They will never find them cheaper. Our constant trade is enormous. It embraces everything from bolts to belting. For 17 Years we have been learning the best things.

L. EMERY, JR., & CO.,
THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE. Bradford, Pa.

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION WORTH A POUND OF CURE.

1894.

Just at this time there is much sickness, and of a nature requiring disenfectants. Many of the most thoughtful people are using them to guard against evil. You will find a full line of these goods with an explanation of their use if desired at

McCOY'S DRUG STORE,
ODD FELLOW'S BUILDING,
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

J. G. WILLIAMS,
FRESH & SMOKED MEATS,
POULTRY and OYSTERS.
Groceries & Provisions,
Canned Goods, &c.

The public are invited to make a careful inspection of my stock and prices.

J. G. WILLIAMS.

Main St., above Grand Central. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Pa., Jan 6, 1894.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The date on your paper shows the time to which it is paid.

If you want the address of your paper changed give the old address as well as the new one.

If you want your paper stopped, say so and some one will come in debt if the paper is sent to you whether you take it from the office or not.

If you do not get the paper regularly at the hour you have been used to, notify us at the office and be with the mails when not received.

☞ Remember that for $1.50 we send the MINER and Philadelphia Weekly Press one year.

New Advertisements This Week.

Bellfonder, Stevens & Co.
L. Emery, Jr. & Co.
Kraemer, Ritchie & Co.
Brown, Hengerer & Co.
Bloomsworth & Co
Mrs. F. D. Nash.
H. Wardenburg.
H. W. Marcus.
Hotel Capitol.
D. C. Young.
For sale—Kittredge Opera House.
Professional Cards—Dorman & Ormerod.
Peck & Heck.
Jame. H. Benson.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—"Grip."

—Del. Che miss me?

—Now for another year.

—Grip-preluding weather.

—Hope you had a happy New Year.

—Subscribe to the MINER immediately.

—Subscribe for the MINER and be happy.

—Fine dressed Bacon at the Bentleyman House.

—"The days are growing perceptably longer."

—Strive to do better this year than you did last.

—Our Pope is not infallible, but he never fails to get up a fine bill of fare.

—Read the advertisements in the MINER. Many of them are new this week.

—*The present weather makes the lumber manufacturers feel like starting their mills.*

—A lawn mower made a more appropriate Christmas present than a snow shovel.

—Dr. Freeman has placed three very artistic signs on his Sanitarium buildings on King street.

—An illustrated account of our Graded *Schools and Academy will be found on* the editorial page.

—Pastor Halliwell informs us that he and his wife were handsomely remembered by *their church.*

—Ladies, if you are in need of visiting cards, the MINER can supply you with any style you wish on short notice.

—The date for holding the regular meeting of the W. R. C. has been changed from Wednesday to Thursday afternoon.

—The Baptist Sabbath School presented P. D. Hopkins Supt. with one of Melzne's patent rocker on Christmas eve.

—We call attention to the new advertisement of Bellinger Stevens & Co. in the Sprague block. A new line of line clothing.

—Owing to unsettled condition we are obliged to leave out the lists of the new officers of several societies until our next issue.

—We are having a rush of business in our job department at present, but stand ready to fill all orders in that line on short notice.

—If you do not feel right internally step right into the Wright House and Brother Wright will make you feel alright in short order.

—Quite a number of our people are suffering with the grip, and the present outlook is not very encouraging for the abatement of the disease.

—Mr. C. A. Burdick, chorister of the Baptist church, is showing to his many friends a very handsome Oxford Bible presented by said church.

—The new board of County Auditors commenced business the first day of the year. They seem to be anxious to get through with their duties.

—The Saturday Evening *Echo*, published at Olean, is an entertaining quarto: *outdone in poetry* in reading matter and neat in typographical appearances.

—Ex-Asst. Attorney J. W. Bonham has purchased the law library of Hon. Robt. H. Rose and will occupy the office in the Bank building lately vacated by the latter gentleman.

—The dealer editor of the MINER was captured by a maiden lady under the mistletoe bough at Cuddlesport last week. This will account for his prolonged absence from Smethport.

—*We have received from the Pope* Manufacturing Company a copy of their Columbia calendar. It is one of the most useful calendars sent out by any firm, and we return thanks for the same.

—Mr. Ault, who died at State Line Mills last August, was a subscriber to No. 1, Vol. 1, of the MINER, and had been a firm friend of this paper from the beginning, a period of just thirty years.

—Deputy Recorder H. M. Choate, it is understood, will occupy Hon. T. A. Morrison's Green street residence. Judge Morrison recently purchased the beautiful Main street home of Hon. Robt. H. Rose.

—Bradford Elks gave 100 sacks of flour to the poor on Christmas. Secret societies are a menace to society, some folks say, and should not be encouraged. What do you think of Bradford Elks?—*Olean Echo.*

—Young people's society of the Baptist church presented R. K. Godding with a fine plush rocker. Mr. Godding felt so proud of both at he tried to persuade Constable Wright to take a seat in it on the sidewalk.

—Miss Mate Sartwell gave a party to a number of her young friends Thursday evening. The occasion was a pleasant one, and the donkey prize, it is thought at this writing, will be awarded to George E. Brownell.

—Bro. Wright with his usual gallantry had the sidewalk from his hotel to the opera house covered with matting to keep those fine white satin slippers from being soiled. Ladies you ought to remember Mr. Wright in your prayers.

—Bro. Hadsley, did you notice any discoloration in the water in the stream during last week. We washed our office towel, and started the new year with a clean one, hope you will do likewise, as cleanliness is next to godliness.

—A large part of the flowers and in the decoration of St. Luke's church, on Christmas day, were from the conservatory of Mr. Henry Hamlin, while the arrangement of them was due to the good taste and deft fingers of Miss May Choate.

—The Potter *Enterprise* says that S. E. Evans, of Smethport, has purchased the Zacharias barber shop in Coudersport. Mr. Evans has the best wishes of his Smethport friends in his new business location.

—W. F. Walsh has received the appointment of postmaster of this borough The congratulations of the MINER are extended to the fortunate gentleman, and we predict that he will make a competent and obliging official.

—J. B. Benson and Peck & Heck, both Coudersport law firms, have cards in this issue of the MINER. From a personal knowledge of both firms, we can assure persons desirous of legal advice that they cannot go astray in patronizing either.

—A school teacher claims he rules the world; he argues thusly: Men govern the affairs of State, the women rule the men the children control the mothers, the teacher the children, and therefore is the fountain head of the government. Right you are, Professor.

—A progressive euchre party was given last Wednesday evening by Misses Helen and Grace McCoy, at their home in honor of their brother, Guy, who spent the holidays with his parents. The party was composed of sixteen persons, and a general good time is reported.

—Our handsome Prof. was the observed of all observers at the ball, and how the bright eyes of the young ladies would twinkle with wishing as they would march by the stage. As much as to say "oh you think you can do me Justice?" How we did wish for a backack.

—Mrs. Rose Kurz, of Clarkeville, Allegany county, N. Y., died on Wednesday morning last at the residence of A. T. Fuller on Green street, aged 27 years. The immediate cause of death was blood poisoning. The funeral and interment at Clarksville yesterday afternoon.

—Says the Olean *Echo*: THE MCKEAN MINER is one of the brightest on our exchanges. It has lost none of its old time spunk under the management of the new proprietors, Messrs. Olsen & Gilbert. May it long be a source of pleasure and profit to its hustling owners.

—W. J. Cornelius, who recently lost an arm, is recovering rapidly. He is now engaged in canvassing for a book on "The World's Columbian Exposition," and other books. We don't like to effort to assist himself after such a terrible loss, will meet with a ready response from all in this community.

—Last Monday while the family of Sheridan Gorton were absent from home the table cloth on the dining room table caught fire in some way. But for the timely arrival and presence of mind of Mrs. Gorton a serious conflagration would have been the result. The damage to the furniture, etc., was about $30.

—About 2 o'clock Tuesday morning Jacob Barnes, traveling salesman for a Binghamton cigar company, called the porter of the Olean House and told him to bring up some liquor. When the porter returned the room was empty and the window raised. Search being made it was found he had jumped out, breaking both legs.

—The MINER calls the attention of the business men of Smethport to the importance of making arrangements for holding the next county fair at Smethport, the county seat where it should be held. Gentlemen, see to it at once and take the necessary steps. The MINER'S columns are at your pleasure for a fair discussion of the subject.

—Miss Frankie Simons died recently in Jackson, Mich., of paralysis of the heart caused by tight lacing. Girls, let up a little on this tight lacing. If a little pressure becomes necessary get a coat sleeve with a good strong arm inside, besides there is more warmth in a coat sleeve of that kind. Office hours from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m.

—Edward J. Gallagher, of Olean, shot himself in the head at that place on new year's eve, in the presence of his sweetheart, Miss Nettie Bennett, whom he was to have married in a few days. They were sitting together during the evening when Gallagher, suddenly drawing a revolver, asked Miss Bennett if she loved him well enough to die for him. She at first thought he was fooling, but realizing her danger, she said: "Why, Ed, you would not shoot me, would you?" Moved by some sudden and strange impulse, he dropped the revolver and walking to the door drew another revolver from his pocket and shot himself through the right temple, dying almost instantly. There is no question but that he was insane.

—The Wellsville *Reporter* says that the Olean, Oswayo and Eastern railroad was opened on the 26th of Dec. 1893, bringing another portion of Potter county into closer connection with the outside world. The road runs from Ellisburg to Genesee, where it connects with the W. C. & P. C. R. R. The cost of constructing and equipping the road was $10,000 per mile. The following are its officers: J. B. Rumsey, Oswayo, President; S. W. Crittenden, Oswayo, Secretary; F. C. Leonard, Coudersport, Treasurer; Chas. E. Dash, Wellsville, Auditor. Directors, W. W. Crittenden, A. B. Payne, John J. Good, J. Walter Wells, Oswayo; Theodore Cobb, Wm. Cobb, Spring Mills; Charles B. Rathbone, Bradford.

—Christmas morning our fat contributor went to Johnsonburg to visit Bro. Quimby, of the *Breeze*. Returning on Tuesday he got into a land-slide at Glen Hazel. In the wrecking he and Mr. Godding, of the *Democrat*, came to Ormsby Junction. When Conductor Richmond on the Bradford train heard of the two heavy-weights that were waiting at Ormsby to ride to Smethport with him he became thunderstruck and ditched his train, leaving the two typos to walk to Smethport, a distance of six miles. They arrived home safely at nine o'clock, but, oh, how tired! perspiration falling the whole distance. It turned cold in the night and the boys could skate almost to Ormsby on the congealed perspiration.

A Scare.

One of the typos in the MINER office created considerable excitement in government and newspaper circles by sending the following letter to Mr. Preston, of the Mint, Philadelphia. Mr Beckwith is not a crank, by any means, but an inoffensive deaf mute. We are informed by him that he sent it merely as a New Year's joke.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 24, 1893.

Dear Sir:—Please send me a few words or some advice to me. I demand you to give a present of $100 (silver) and $200 gold dollars) to me on Christmas, on Monday, December 25th, or new happy year on January 1, 1894. About 100 in pieces of silver, standard dollars for $100 and $200 gold dollars, which is counting $10 or $20 in pieces of gold dollars, $200, when you can send $200 in the package with the American Express Company. I have the best honor for you.

Very respectfully,
JACK BECKWITH.

To Mr. Jack Beckwith, Smethport, McKean county, Pa.

W. F. SPECHT issues all kinds of Insurance policies, call on him when in want of any insurance.

A NEW YEAR'S HOP.

WHEEL OF GAYETY WITH STORES OF LOVELY WOMEN TURNS AT THE HUB.

A Galaxy of Beauty and Animation—Lovely Decorations and Gallant Gentlemen—Excellent Music and Fine Whist Playing—Superb Costumes of Smethport Society—Visitors from a Distance.

One of the most enjoyable events in social circles of our town, was the grand ball given last Monday evening at the Kittredge Opera House by the Gentleman's Social Club of Smethport. The holiday season which was allowed to pass without the gayeties of the occasion was that terminated amid the beauty of lovely women, sweet music, handsome decorations and graceful tripping of the fantastic toe.

The Opera house was most artistically decorated for the occasion with pink and white bunting and interspersed with evergreen. The windows were ornamented with delicate lace curtains, and over the stage, in golden letters, were the words:

A Happy New Year.

The front of the stage was a bank of evergreen and potted flowers. From the centre chandelier hung a massive bell of hemlock twigs, the end of clapper being encircled with the enchanting mistletoe, an appropriate design of Miss Lena Wright. In the N. E. corner of the hall on an elevation, sat Jamison's Orchestra of six pieces, partially enclosed by beautiful floral decorations.

At nine o'clock, the orchestra began an excellently rendered overture, and soon the waxen floor was filled with handsome young ladies attired in the most superb costumes and graceful young gentlemen in full evening dress. A signal from the floor master, and the sweet strains of a familiar waltz, was echoing from ever corner of the room, and the scene became one of animation. The mellow light reflecting from among the evergreen to the charms of nature's beauty, and sparkling gems of brilliancy, as they waltzed to and fro to the dreamy music was a picture of enchantment and unsurpassed beauty. While the young people were thus tripping the fantastic toe, the master hands on the stage were contending for the championship in the popular game of whist.

The merry dancers continued their hilarity until four o'clock Tuesday morning. A twelve o'clock supper was served at the Wright House on which occasion the man who is always Wright provided a most elaborate *menu* for the pleasure seekers. The table fairly groaned under the delicacies of the season.

The young men are to be congratulated upon the *success of the hop of '93.* It was as enchanting as the figure of Cupid *which hung from the bell of hemlock* twigs was suggestive, and the courtesy extended by the members of this club will long be remembered by a happy guest.

BELLE OF THE BALL.

The young ladies of Smethport even surpassed their previous record in providing the most beautiful gowns worn on this occasion. The *modiste's art was a* prominent feature, and the lovely costumes of our fair daughters briefly described as follows:

Miss May Choate, white china silk trimmed with bows of white ribbon, slippers and gloves to match.

Miss Alice M. Coy, white china silk, decollete, trimmed with brocgamne, and white ribbons. Wore a wreath of Smilax and beautiful flowers.

Miss Hattie Walker, pink crepe de chene, low necked, Bertha of white lace and trimmed with ruchings.

Miss Lucy Backus, blue silk, puffed sleeves, slippers, gloves and fan to match.

Miss Celeste Page, black net over yellow satin, decollete, diamonds.

Miss Ora King, red ottoman silk trimmed with lace to match.

Miss Rose Sprague, seafoam, green, Empire, trimmed with lamate.

Miss Rose Grandone, white nun's veiling, decollete, and pink roses.

Miss Julia Keenan, blue china silk, ornamented with beautiful red roses, puffed skirt.

Miss Mate Sartwell, ligniest muslin de soie, full waist and gored skirt, trimmed with lace and ribbons.

Miss Rena Gallup, white albatross and pink roses.

Miss Alberta Choate, flowered challie, Empire sleeves and puffed yoke.

Miss Cora Mason, white brocade satin with short sleeves edged with fine lace and Paris gores.

Miss Nellie Backus, pink silk, pointed neck, plaited waist and gored skirt.

Miss Rose King, cream crepe trimmed with lace.

Miss Edna Keenan, cream china silk, Empire, decollete, and pink roses.

Miss Bessie Shook, white china silk, V shaped neck and large bouquet of pink and white roses.

Miss Jennette Hamlin, silk wash waregated satin and lace.

Miss Maud Shoemaker, white mull, Empire, and ornaments.

Mrs. Carrie Smith, fawn color Bedford cord and gloves to match.

The following persons were also present at the hop. From Smethport:

Misses Fred McElroy, O. J. Hamlin, E. Walker, J. J. Backus, H. H. Goodsell, J. G. Williams, Bert M. Shook, G. A. Backus, F. D. Gallup, F. R. Young, P. D. Hamlin, A. F. Ritchie, John Walters, W. A. Ostrander, F. W. Backus, Will Herzog, Ned Newman, Herman Tull, B. F. Wright, W. D. Gallup, Fred McKoy, J. M. McElroy C. S. King and wife, Dr. and Mrs. H. E. McCoy, Rev. McCutcheon and wife, D. C. Youngand wife, Mrs. M. A. Sprague, S. R. Lindsley and wife, of the *Democrat*. Misses Helen and Grace McCoy, Louis Young, Bart Olsen and Prof. Twitley of the MINER.

From Bradford, Misses Lillian Johnson, Sarah Davis, May Rogers, Jessie Smiley, Gertie Lindsley, and Messrs. Robert Edgett, Tim Mullin, Bertha, Misses Pauline Hoffer, Dudie Tremaine; Port Allegany, Misses Belle Lillibridge, Grace Sartwell, Elma McDowell and Messers. Steve Sartwell, Geo. Loner, B. C. Taber, Fred Ledger; Clermont, Miss Lula Batts and William Mulberg; Olean, Miss Ethel Sartwell, Mr. and Mrs. Bloodsworth and E. G. Simon; Mason, Ga., F. A. Brown; Eldred, Miss Maud Sloan; Towanda, Miss Kent.

Horse, Cattle, Dogs, etc.

The Humphreys' Medicine Company of New York, will mail on application a complimentary copy Dr. Humphreys' Veterinary Manual (500 pages) on the treatment and care of horses, cattle, dogs, hogs, sheep and poultry.

Cannibal King—"I don't see why I shouldn't eat you."

Missionary—"I don't agree with you."

Medicine Man—"Take a dose of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills after the meal, sire."

COMING AND GOING.

We should deem it a favor if those having friends visiting in this place would notify us by postal or by leaving a notice at this office.

Mrs. F. C. Pierce is visiting in Warren and vicinity.

Fred Noorse came to town new year's day to see his old friends.

J. J. Newman spent a few days in town this week with his family.

Miss Glennie Pope will attend the Orpheus party at Bradford Friday night.

Sheridan Gorton, Jr., returned to his studies at Friendship, N. Y., on Tuesday.

Attorney S. W. Smith, of Port Allegany, was attending argument court this week.

H. W. Martindale, of Sizerville, was a guest of the Grand Central on Thursday night.

H. T. Morrison and Roy Gifford will leave for their school at Buffalo on Monday next.

E. W. Pierce, of Buffalo, spent New Year with his brother, Dr. F. C. Pierce, of this place.

Judge Olmsted came over Wednesday, to the hub to preside in some cases in Argument court.

Capt. Chapman, Mr. McClure, Messrs. Mullins and Mr. Hastings, all of Bradford's attended court this week.

W. A. Ostrander, George Sprague, and W. G. Shoemaker last Tuesday for their respective colleges at Buffalo.

Misses Lee A. Knapp and Edith Keenan, the Bradford school marms, returned to their duties Tuesday evening.

Mr. Carter from Hamlin, visting us on Thursday. He is an old veteran, and believes in Republican principles.

M. M. Coleman returned Tuesday night from a two week's visit to New York city, feeling very much invigorated from his rest.

John Walters visited Port Allegany on Saturday, and was met with a warm reception. "Ge, whiz," how we did wish we were in Mr. Walter's place.

Allen Rifle of Burtville, called on Wednesday, and said he wanted the MINER for another year, and emphasized it, by planking down the cash. Call again Mr Rifle

R. B. Stone, Attorney-at-Law, of Bradford, made us a pleasant call on Wednesday. "Come again, Mr. Stone" the MINER will always be glad to welcome you as one of its best friend.

Miss Minnie Herzog, of Lock Haven, and Miss Hattie Pierce, of Smethport, were on the train from Coudersport Monday last. They were having a very pleasant time, but showed a little timidity about the "beers."

Genial good natured John F. Stone, ex-deputy Prothonotary of Potter county, visited the Hub on Tuesday. He came over to console with Hugh Brawley, as they are both in the same boat. Boys, come over on the Lord's side. You are both made of too good material to be tramping up salt river in this mud.

Miner Monument Fund.

There being something like $1,200 due on the soldiers' monument the MINER proposes to do what it can toward paying off this indebtedness and to that end we start this week the MINER Monument Fund. Anyone can contribute to this fund and a record of the amounts so subscribed will be published each week.

We acknowledge the following contributions this week:

MINER	$5.00
F. R. Knapp	1.00
Rose Knapp	1.00
Jackson Beckwith	1.00
Total	$11.00

Obituary

Thomas H. Hussey an old and respected citizen of Keating township, died at his home in Irish Hollow, on Sunday last, of pneumonia.

The deceased was aged 72 years, 7 months and 20 days. Mr. Hussey lived alone, and was sick for a few days before any one knew of his illness. Kind hands then administered to his wants, but on Sunday he died, after a week's illness. The deceased leaves four children, two sons and two daughters, to mourn their loss. His wife died several years ago. The funeral was held at St. Elizabeth's church on Tuesday, J. J. Galligan officiating. The remains were interred in the St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

THE DEVONIAN WELL.

The Devonian Oil Co.'s new well on the Bingham lands made a big flow on Wednesday at noon and before the drillers could turn the flow into a tank, quite an amount was wasted. A bail was made after the drill had reached a depth of 2112 feet. The well was given a 100 quart shot yesterday, and it is thought, will probably become a 75 or 80 barrel well. This may open up a new field in McKean county. It is creating quite an excitement. One oil operator offered to wager the well would flow 150 barrels in twenty-four hours. May his prediction be correct.

A Bit of Good News.

The publishers of the Columbian Atlas, the wonderful Christmas gift of the Pittsburg *Times* to its readers, have decided to extend the scope of the work so as to make it a volume of 224 pages instead of 160 as originally intended. This will necessitate an increase in the number of parts from 10 to 14. The additional numbers will be furnished to readers of the *Times* at the same terms as the first parts, namely six coupons and ten cents for each part. With the last part will be furnished a complete index and title page. Twenty-five thousand copies of the Columbian Atlas are being sent out by the *Times* each week. With the enlargement of the scope of the work this number should be doubled.

About a year ago I took a violent attack of la grippe. I coughed day and night for about six weeks; my wife then suggested that I use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. At first I could see no difference, but still kept taking it, and soon found that it was what I needed. If I got no relief from one dose I took another, and it was only a few days until I was free from the cough. I think people in general ought to know the value of this remedy, and I take pleasure in acknowledging the benefit I have received from it. Madison Mussard, Otway, Ohio. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by A. B. Armstrong.

Sailed the Seas 38 Years.

Capt. A. P. Loud is a prominent resident of Hampden, Me. For 38 years he sailed the seas and upon retiring from that calling, was appointed by the U. S. government to superintend its interests in the Alaska seal fisheries, a position he held five years. In speaking of his experience, he says: "For several years I was greatly troubled with nervousness, and a pain in the region of my heart. It was almost impossible for me to get rest and sleep. Physicians from New York to San Francisco did me no good, but Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine and New Heart Cure speedily and completely cured me. I owe my present and excellent health to them.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins curbs, splints, sweeney, ring-bone stifles, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Sold by A. B. Armstrong Druggist, Smethport Pa.

NEW YEAR'S DANCES.

A Short Sketch of the Out-of-Town Social Events Held on New Year's Evening.

The K. O. T. M. of Port Allegany gave a dance New Year's evening in the opera house at that place. A large crowd were in attendance and all seemed to enjoy themselves. Austin, Emporium and Smethport were well represented. A MINER attache was in attendance and says the Port Allegany "Bees" have few equals as entertainers. The Austin orchestra furnished music for the occasion. George Babbitt was the "Belle of the Ball." The cut at the head of this article is from a drawing made on the spot by our representative and portrays a Smethport young man dancing with a damsel from Liberty.

REW CITY.

The Rew City Maccabees gave a grand ball in their hall on New Year's evening. A large crowd attended and danced away the remaining hours of New Year's Day and about five hours on the next day. A party of Smethport young people were there and they say that Rew City is "all right."

ELDRED.

Heath Bros. dance advertised for New Year's had to be "declared off" because of the light attendance and the "gate money" was refunded.

Several other towns in this neighborhood gave dances and from the reports of Smethport people who attended they all had a good time.

Olsen delivering an address to the G. A. R. last evening.

INSTALLATION.

At a meeting of McKean Post, No. 347, G. A. R., held Jan. 4, the following officers were installed by Comrade J. M. McElroy:

T. A. Morrison, Commander.
A. H. Pierce, Senior Vice Commander.
Johathan Colegrove, Junior Vice Com.
S. Sanford, Chaplain.
B. F. Wright, Quartermaster.
E. P. Pratt, Surgeon.
J. Porter Howard, Officer of the Day.
S. Martin, Officer of the Guard.
H. M. Choate, Adjutant.
J. Rogers and J. M. McElroy were elected delegates to Department Encampment.

Afterwards the W. R. C. officers were installed by Mrs. Judge Morrison in a very able manner. Comrade Morrison ably addressed the order, followed by Rev. G. W. Halliwell, Rev. J. W. Wright, Mrs. Morrison and Comrade McElroy, and wound up by a few stirring words from Capt. E. R. Mayo, when the feast was spread and a good time enjoyed by all present.

Judge Morrison.

Thomas A. Morrison, Judge of the 18th Judicial district, resides at Smethport, McKean county, Pa. His birthplace was on a farm near Plea sant ville, Venango county, Pa., May 4, 1836. His father was Wm. Morrison, and his mother's maiden name was Elizabeth McMaster. They were both raised in Venango county, their parents coming from Ireland in the latter part of the eighteenth century; they descended from the sturdy Scotch-Irish. The Morrisons and McMasters were noted for their rugged honesty, industry and lack of any ambition for show or display. They hated slavery instinctively, from the beginning, and were among the first Abolitionists, and at the organization of the Republican party they nearly all went into it without reserve. It is remarkable that the subject of this sketch is the only lawyer in either family so far as is known.

Judge Morrison during his boyhood attended the country schools, usually in log houses, traveling from two to three miles in the winter through the woods along a path marked by "blazes" (trees. When he was old enough he worked on the farm during summers and attended school during the winters, occasionally teaching country schools.

August 16, 1862, he enlisted as a private soldier at Pleasantville, Pa., and on August 22, 1862, was mustered in Company A, 72nd Pennsylvania Volunteers, at Philadelphia. He carried a musket and served with his company till December 13, 1862, when, in the battle of Fredericksburg, Va., he lost his left arm at the shoulder joint and received a very severe wound in the left knee.

In 1865 he was elected Justice of the Peace at Pleasantville, and resigned this office to serve as Treasurer of Venango county, having been elected for the term of 1868 and 1869. After serving his full term as Treasurer he was appointed Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue at Oil City, and manager of the Oil City *Daily* and *Weekly Times*.

While at Oil City he was married to Miss Helen S. Gardner, of Warren, N. Y. The fruit of this marriage is a daughter aged 19 and a son aged 17.

In 1871 Mr. Morrison resigned his position at Oil City to enter the law office of Sherman & Beebe, at Pleasantville, and he was admitted to practice law in the courts of Venango county in 1873. He practiced law and engaged in the oil business in Venango till September, 1879, when he removed to Smethport, McKean county, where he built up a lucrative practice till September, 1887, when he was appointed Judge of the Forty-eighth Judicial district and in November following was elected to the same office for a term of ten years from the first Monday of January, 1888.—*Philadelphia Sunday Times.*

The persistent cough which usually follows an attack of the grip can be permanently cured by taking Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. W. A. McGuire, of McKay, Ohio, says: "La grippe left me with a severe cough. After using several different medicines, without relief, I tried Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which effected a permanent cure. I have also found it to be without an equal for children, when troubled with colds or croup. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by A. B. Armstrong.

Catarrh in New England.

Ely's Cream Balm gives satisfaction to every one using it for catarrhal troubles. G. K. Mellor, Druggist, Worchester, Mass.

I believe Ely's Cream Balm is the best article for catarrh ever offered the public.—Bush & Co., Druggists, Worchester, Mass.

An article of real merit.—C. P. Alden, Druggist, Springfield, Mass.

Those who use it speak highly of it.—Geo. A. Hill, Druggist, Springfield, Mass.

Cream Balm has given satisfactory results.—W. P. Draper, Druggist, Springfield, Mass.

Begin the New Year aright and get your insurance written by W. F. Specht.

INSURANCE of all kinds written by W. F. Specht.

THE COUNTY.

Interesting News From Various Localities Picked up by Our Regular Correspondents.

PORT ALLEGANY.

Bees from the east and Bees from the west attended the K. O. T. M. dance held here Monday night. The Austin orchestra furnished the music. Supper was served on the stage at midnight under the control of that prince of caterers, Fred Gerwick, Jr., who has no equal in that line. Everything passed off in the pleasantest manner possible, and the festivities were continued until 5 o'clock Tuesday morning, when all departed for their homes with words of highest praise of the treatment received at the hands of Port Allegany Tent, K. O. T. M.

The cantata, "The Birth of Christ," given by the M. E. Sabbath school in the opera house on Christmas evening, was so finely rendered that it was repeated last Saturday night to a crowded house. Each part was performed so nicely that too much praise cannot be bestowed. However, Misses Mattie Sherill and Allie Larrabee deserve special mention, also C. W. Catlin, as Santa Claus, and Dr. Ward Keator, as the Frost King.

C. W. Bickett started last Monday for Grove City, where he will attend college. Charlie is all right young man and your correspondent predicts for him a successful career.

E. P. Dalrymple has his new ovens ready for the boiler, which is expected to arrive daily. He will soon have one of the best equipped mills in McKean county.

Mrs. J. H. Williams, accompanied by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, visited friends in Olean the first of the week.

O. J. Reese, the one-armed veteran surveyor, of Potter county, was shaking hands with his many friends in town.

Misses Terendt and Hoffler, of Buffalo, were in town over Sunday, guests of Miss Flina McDowell.

Mrs. L. W. Davis, of Buffalo, is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Barfle.

Comrades Nelson and Graves, of Coudersport, were about town Tuesday.

C. O. Laymon had business at the "city of natural advantages on Tuesday."

Miss Bertha Barfle spent the past week with friends at Coudersport.

General James Benson, of Coudersport, was in town New Year's day.

Joe Keeny is in Buffalo on business this week.

MT. ALTON.

Two of our young people, Marshall Quinn and Miss Minnie Gavin, decided on the first day of the year to enter upon the matrimonial voyage. The ceremony was performed in Bradford, after which the happy couple left for Jamestown and other points. It is expected they will make Mt. Alton their home.

Two young men applied for board, clothing and lodging in this place last Thursday. One was provided for at the residence of H. Sherwin, the other at John Callahan's. The new comers tipped the scales at four and nine pounds respectively, and all interested parties are doing finely.

The many friends of Mark Hardie will be pleased to learn his health is improving under the treatment of the excellent physicians at Will's Hospital, Philadelphia.

Miss Tressie O'Connell, accompanied by her little niece, Tressie Quinn, is spending the holiday season with relatives at Wellsville, N. Y.

Mrs. Hilton and family left for Alfred, N. Y., last Thursday, where they will remain for the balance of the school year.

Mrs. L. T. Lennox and Miss Ella McGraw went to Buffalo last Wednesday, where they will receive medical treatment.

A. N. Beard, of Bradford, was joyously welcomed by the I. O. O. F. brothers last Thursday evening.

Geo. Keeler had the misfortune to cut his foot badly a few days before Christmas.

Dr. Ward, of Randolph, was a pleasant visitor in our town a few days last week.

N. S. Washburn was 'round Olean several days last week, attending a law suit.

John Hafner, of Farmers' Valley, visited relatives here this week.

Miss Belle Williams, of Bradford, visited friends here last week.

COLLEGROVE.

The spirit of giving at Christmas time was manifested by many beautiful articles placed on the arch, erected for that purpose, on Christmas night in the Union church at Collegrove. The attendance was large.

The people at Crosby had a Christmas tree on that place on Saturday evening before Christmas. The exercises were good. The crosby band furnished the instrumental music.

The scholars in the Hamlin school district presented their teacher, Miss Jennie McMillan, with a beautiful dressing case.

Mr. and Mrs. McAllister returned last week from a visit among relatives in New York City.

Mr. Will Oviatt came up from Olean last Saturday to visit his parents who reside at Hamlin.

Misses Jennie Gallup and Hortense Oviatt returned to the Carion Normal School this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downs are occupying the house at A. J. Colegrove, on Snow avenue.

Mrs. C. M. Gillet, who has been very ill for the past three weeks is much better.

N. W. Hineman gave a free excursion to the Ridgway folks on New Year's day.

Miss Flora Maynard is visiting her sister at Courtland N. Y.

Mr. J. P. Blaize, an extensive real estate dealer in Des Moines, Iowa, narrowly escaped one of the severest attack of pneumonia while in the northern part of that state during a recent blizzard, says the *Saturday Review*. Mr. Blaize had gone out to drive several miles during the storm and was not thoroughly chilled that he was unable to get warm, and insisted on an hour after his return he was threatened with a severe case of pneumonia or lung fever. Mr. Blaize sent to the nearest drug store for a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, of which he had often heard, and took a number of large doses. He says the effect was wonderful and in a short time he was breathing quite easily. He kept on taking the medicine and the next day was able to come to Des Moines. Mr. Blaize regards the cure as simply wonderful. For sale by A. B. Armstrong.

J. G. Williams receives weekly a fresh lot of Weppner's Straw-Berry brand of Hams. *Try them.*

A Household Treasure.

D. W. Fuller, of Canajoharie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in his house and his family has always found the very best results follow its use; that he would not be without it if procurable. G. A. Dikeman, druggist, Catskill, N. Y., says that Dr. King's New Discovery is undoubtedly the best cough remedy; that he has used it in his family for eight years, and it has never failed to do all that is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy of such well tried merit? Trial bottles free at F. R. Foster's and A. B. Armstrong & Co's drug store. Regular size 50c and $1.00.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits, 75 cents. Sold by A. B. Armstrong Druggist, Smethport.

How's This!

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., props. Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, wholesale druggists, Toledo, O.—Walding, Kinnan & Sarvin, wholesale druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

For pains in the chest there is nothing better than a flannel cloth saturated with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on over the seat of pain. For sale by A. B. Armstrong.

10 Per Cent Power Saved

— BY BUYING YOUR —

CYCLES

of us. This accomplished with an invention of our own which is fitted to all our Bicycles without extra charge. Do not buy without looking over our fine lines at all prices, and remember a saving of 10 per cent power is quite an item and has other advantages.

M. A. WOODBURY,
41-45 Mechanic St.,
Bradford, Pa.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

JEWELER,

AND DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Spectacles, Toys, Eye-glasses

And all goods pretaining to a First-class Jewelry store.

Satisfaction guaranteed, and prices as Low as the Lowest. Call and inspect our new stock.

BARBER SHOP,

Alfred Sturdevant.

Next door to Gallup's Store, Main St.

Shaving and Hair-Dressing

In the latest style of art.

Some but first-class workmen employed.

Alfred Sturdevant, Surgeon Chiropodist. Corns removed in a few minutes without pain or soreness. Also treatment for Bunions and Ingrowing nails.

☞ BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Big Level & R. R. Co. for the election of officers, will be held at the office of the secretary in Woodside hospital in the borough of Kane on Monday, Jan. 8th, 1894, at 8 p. m.

T. L. Kane, Secy. Elisha K. Kane, President.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Big Level & R. R. Co. will be held at the office of Thos. L. Kane in Woodside hospital building in the borough of Kane on Monday, Jan. 8th, 1894, at 7:45 p. m.

The question of dissolution of the corporation will be submitted to the stockholders.

H. A. KANE, Secy. ELISHA K. KANE, President.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Mt. Jewett, Kinzua and Riterville R. R. Co. will be held at the office of Thos. L. Kane in Woodside hospital building in the borough of Kane on Monday, Jan. 8th, 1894, at 7:30 p. m.

H. A. KANE, Secretary. ELISHA K. KANE, President.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Kinzua Heights R. R. Co. will be held at the office of the President in Woodside Hospital in the borough of Kane on Monday, Jan. 8th, 1894, at 7:45 p. m.

E. K. KANE, Secretary. T. L. KANE, President.

Central Pharmacy.

FRANK R. FOSTER,

DEALER IN

DRUGS AND MEDICENES,

Fancy Goods,

TOILET ARTICLES, &C

A FULL LINE OF

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

FRANK R. FOSTER,

PHARMACIST,

Grand Central Hotel Building, Smethport

ARMSTRONG'S,

SMETHPORT, PA.,

DRUG and BOOK STORE.

A Full Line of Drugs and Standard Patent Medicines.

A specialty of Perfumery, fine Stationery, Scrap Books, Card Albums, Celluloid Toilet Sets, Pocket Books, Writing Desks, Views, Dressing Cases, Fancy Bibles, Standard Authors, Christmas Cards, Excelsior Diaries.

All Kinds of Fancy Goods.

T. H. PURTLE

General Blacksmithing,

CARRIAGE AND WAGON WORK

WATER ST., SMETHPORT, PA.

Having bought out the carriage and wagon making

NATURAL Will positively grow hair on the bald head. It's nature's true hair grower, discovered 13?5 feet under the earth's surface. The only Natural **WHITE** Oil in the world. No poisonous drugs, purely a mineral product. Grows mustache and whiskers. Cures Dandruff permanently, stops hair falling out. It is readily absorbed and its use will leave no greasy aftereffect. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sold by all druggists. 50 cents per bottle, two bottles direct, express prepaid, on receipt of price. Put on the trade only by the **OIL**

WHITE ROCK OIL CO., Toledo, O.

For sale by F. R. FOSTER.

AT

P. D. HOPKINS,

Corner Mill and Mechanic Streets,

SMETHPORT, PENNA.,

Can be found a full line of Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots Shoes, &c.

NEW GOODS

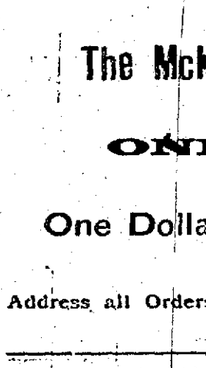
Arriving almost daily.

Our canned goods are of the best quality and will be at the lowest market prices.

Remember we are agents for the popular Clothing Firm of G. W. Simmons & Co., Boston, Mass. All orders left with us are promptly filled and satisfaction guaranteed.

Thanking our customers for their liberal patronage in the past, we shall by honest and fair dealings, endeavor to merit a continuance of the same.

P. D. HOPKINS.



V. KLAPPENBACH,

MERCHANT -:- TAILOR,

Cor. King and Fulton Sts.,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Keeps an assortment of English and French Goods on hand from which to select. Suits will be made up in the latest and most approved Styles, and entire

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

NEW -:- FURNITURE

SPECHT & SASSE

We have a large stock of the latest designs in furniture and we are able to offer some very attractive bargains. If you want a single piece of furniture or an outfit for your home, it will pay you to see our store

DON'T FAIL TO CALL

before making a purchase elsewhere

Undertaking in all its branches a specialty.

Corner of Main and Union Streets. SMETHPORT, PA.

NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE

AND

The McKean County Miner,

ONE YEAR,

One Dollar and Fifty Cents.

Address all Orders to the Miner.

BROWNELL BROS.,

SMETHPORT, PA.,

We are sole agents of the above Suspenders.

announce to the people of Smethport and vicinity that their stock is now complete and embraces many

Novelties in Every Department.

Designed for the

EVERY-DAY-TRADE.

OUR SPECUREAN DEPARTMENT is supplied with all the leading brands of Canned and Bottled Good, including fruits, vegetables, meats, soups, etc.

OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT embraces all the latest fabrics in Dress Goods, White Goods, Table Linens, Damasks, &c.

OUR SHOE DEPARTMENT can not be beat. Fine Shoes for Ladies' Misses' and Children's wear. Also Men's Youths' and Boys' Boots and Shoes of every description.

We have also in stock a full line of Hats and Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Gloves and Mittens.

Groceries and Provisions and the Best Brands of Flour in the Market

BEWARE OF FRAUD.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

A shoe that will not rip! Calf, seamless, smooth inside, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Every style. Equals custom-made shoes costing from $4 to $5.

The following are of the same high standard of merit:

$3.50 and $3.00 Fine Calf, Hand-Sewed.
$2.50 Police, Farmers and Letter-Carriers.
$2.00, $1.75 and $1.50 for Youths and Boys.
$2.00 Hand-Sewed.
$1.75 and $1.50 Dongola, for Ladies.

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MUST FACE DANGERS.

THUS OUR SOULS GROW AND OUR MISSIONS ARE FULFILLED.

Reflections on the Uselessness of Shallow Water Explorers—Where Should the Blame Rest For Many Failures?—The Responsibility of Paternity.

What would be thought of a ship that was launched from its docks with flourish of music and flowing wine, built to sail the roughest and deepest sea, yet manned for an unending cruise along shore? Never leaving harbor for dread of storm. Never swinging out of the land girt bay because, over the bar, the waters were deep and rough. You would say of such a ship that its captain was a coward and the company that built it were fools.

And yet these souls of ours were fashioned for bottomless soundings. There is no created thing that draws as deep as the soul of man; our life lies straight across the ocean and not along shore, but we are afraid to venture; we hang upon the coast and explore shallow lagoons or swing at anchor in idle bays. Some of us strike the keel into riches and cruise about therein, like men-of-war in a narrow river. Some of us are contented all our days to ride at anchor in the locahmed waters of selflab ness. There are guns at every portHole of the ship we sail, but we use them for pegs to hang clothes upon or pigeonholes to stack full of idle hours. We shall never smell powder, although the magazine is stocked with holy wrath wherewith to fight the devil and his deeds. When I see a man strolling along at his ease, while under his very nose some brute is maltreating a horse, or some coward venting his ignoble wrath upon a creature more helpless than he, whether it be a child or a dog, I involuntarily think of a double decked whaler content to fish for minnows. Their uselessness in the world is more apparent than the uselessness of a Cunarder in a park pond.

What did God give you muscle and girth and brain for if not to launch you on the high seas? Up and away with you then into the deep soundings where you belong, O belittled soul! Find the work to do for which you were fitted and do it, or else run yourself on the first convenient snag and founder.

Some great writer has said that we ought to begin life as at the source of a river, growing deeper every league to the sea, whereas, in fact, thousands enter the river at its mouth and sail inland, finding less and less water every day, until in old age they lie shrunk and gasping upon dry ground.

But there are more who do not sail at all than there are of those who make the mistake of sailing upstream. There are the women who devote their lives to the petty business of pleasing worthless men. What progress do they make even inland? With sails set and brassy stanchions polished to the similitude of gold, they hover a lifetime chained to a dock and decay of their own uselessness at last, like keels that are mud slugged. It is not the most profitable thing in the world to please. Suppose it shall please the inmates of a bedlam house to see you set fire to your clothing and burn to death, or break your bones one by one upon a rack, or otherwise destroy your bodily parts that the poor lunatics might be entertained. Would it pay to be pleasing to such an audience at such a sacrifice? We were put into this world with a clean way bill for another port than this. Across the ocean of life our way lies, straight to the harbor of the city of gold. We are freighted with a consignment from rummage hold to keep which is bound to be delivered sooner or later at the great Master's wharf. Let us be alert then, to recognize the seriousness of our own destinies and content ourselves no longer with shallow soundings. Spread the sails, weigh the anchor and point the prow for the country that lies the other side of a deep and restless sea. Sooner or later the voyage must be made, let us make it, then, while the timber is staunch and the rudder true.

When you look at a picture and find it good or bad, as the case may be, whom do you praise or blame, the owner of the picture or the artist who painted it? When you hear a strain of music and are either lifted to heaven or cast into the other place by its harmonies or its discord, whom do you thank or curse for the benefaction or the infliction, whichever it may have proved to be, the man who wrote the score or the music dealer who sold it? You go to a restaurant and order spring chicken which turns out to be the primeval fowl. Who is to blame, the waiter who serves it or the business man of the eatery who does the marketing? And so when you encounter the bad boy, whom do you hold responsible for his badness, the boy himself or the mother who trained him? I declare, as I look about me from day to day and see the men and women who play so poor a part in life, it is not the poverty of their performance that astonishes me so much as the fact that it is as good as it is.

With the parents that many boys and girls have and the training they receive I am perfectly amazed that they ever attain to even half way respectability. Did you ever stop to think, I wonder, what an awful responsibility is laid upon you with every child given to your home? If you appreciate the risk and take the responsibility I shouldn't think you would find much time for other callings. A man who is drawing up the plans for a new house attends to his business closely and doesn't go off on many picnics or sail over seas in pursuit of pleasure while his plans are pending. A man who has entered a young horse for the Derby spends most of his time training the colt. He doesn't loaf about town or read novels or lie abed late; he is alert and on hand if he expects to win the race. Carelessness and indifference never brought a winning horse under the wire yet.—Amber in Chicago Herald.

Congress Water.

How many people know that out by the Greenough statue of Washington, east of the capitol, is a vast and cavernous reservoir? Not one in a thousand, but there it is, down in the bowels of the earth, and covered deep beneath the smooth surface of asphaltum. Away back in the thirties congress purchased a spring over east of the present site of Howard university. It is now at the bottom of the unused distributing reservoir. From it pipes were laid to the capitol, and in a pond east of the building the water flowed and was held for the use of the early Solons of the hill. In 1876 the reservoir was arched over and covered in, but there it is, and if congress has been neglectful of the city's interests as to a water supply, the reason is not hard to find. Congress has its own private tap. Pipes run into the capitol, furnishing the boilers, coolers and water for cleaning purposes. There is an overflow pipe that runs into the pretty little grotto below the senate wing at one side of the main sidewalk and trickles over the mossy bank in a miniature cascade.—Washington Post.

Name of Gideon Hiess.

In the very long ago bees were but stock ags as now were, but made hang, and were often drawn up aeds to the roof, and, oddly enough, had pockets in their sides. We said, moreover, that in the time of the Tudors and Stuarts they were of great variety, both of material and color, and for such as could cuss and the laxury were richly trimmed and costly; they were often called "mine stones."—Harper's Bazar.

WARWICK CASTLE.

A Peep Into the Famous English Palace of the "Kingmaker."

One could spend days looking at the pictures at Warwick and at the sculpture and curios. There is a table, the slab of which is made of fine marble mosaic, lapis lazuli, and precious stones which belonged to Marie Antoinette. In the red drawing room are rare specimens of Limoxin enamels, also Bohemian glass and Venetian crystals. This room leads to the cedar drawing room, whose walls are 10 feet in thickness. One of the many valuable and beautiful ornaments in this room is a bust of Pronerpine, by our American sculptor Power.

The "living rooms" of the castle extend 330 feet in length; and each window gives charming views of the grounds. In one of these rooms, the gilt drawing room, is a Florentine mosaic table, enriched with precious stones, brought from the Grimani palace in Venice. Its value is £10,000, which, please remember, is $50,000 of Yankee money. The Grimani arms, the pope's triple crown, lion of St. Mark, doge's cap, keys of St. Peter and cardinal's hat are illustrated in jasper, onyx, amethyst, malachite and cornelian on its surface.

A moment after leaving the gilt drawing room and we are in the state bedroom, where good Queen Anne slept, and in which her big dreary looking bed still stands. We don't seem to know much about Queen Anne's belongings, thus her bed and traveling trunks at its foot arouse our interest. In these trunks were her majesty's clothes. They are sensible, ponderous trunks, covered with brown leather and studded with brass nails. Even an American baggage smashing porter would have found Queen Anne's trunks "too large an order" to destroy. George III presented this bedstead, with its faded crimson curtains and its 15 feet high posts. Over the fireplace hangs a fine portrait of the queen herself painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller. It is in this state bedroom that Queen Victoria slept when she visited Warwick castle with the late prince consort. I don't know whether she occupied Anne's bed, but if so I hope it was more comfortable than it looks.

From the bedroom is a boudoir, literally crammed with paintings. Here is Holbein's "Henry VIII.," "A Boar Hunt," by Rubens; "A Dead Christ," on copper, by a follower of Correggio; "Charles II's Beauties," by Lely; a "San Sebastian," by Vandyke; "Card Players," by Teniers, and a Salvator Rosa landscape.

The castle's state dining room was burned out in 1871, but it has been reproduced on the old lines and is a truly royal apartment. On either side of the massive fireplace, where many a Yule log has slowly burned itself out to white ashes, there are gilt Venetian figures. Above the fireplace hangs Ruben's sketch of Ilous. There is also in this room a droll portrait of George III in the arms of his mother.

The castle boasts a Shakespeare room, designed and added by the late earl, and to which the county of Warwick presented the Kenilworth buffet in ancient oak. Into this room have been collected all procurable Shakespeare relics, and resting on an old claw footed oak table are all the works, with the admirable edition of Shakespeare of the late Halliwell Phillipps.

The place has been called the castle of the kingmaker. Who can visit this historic house and not desire to reread Lord Lytton's or Bulwer's, as you please, "The Last of the Barons," whose text of composition is furnished by the annals of this wonderful castle and its wonderful earl, Richard Nevil. —Boston Herald.

Your Best Young Man.

"You can't always just tell what your best young man is going to develop into," said the girl in the blue jacket. "Now, I know a young man, and when I first met him I said to myself: At last! Here he is! A real live man without a fad.' And I was happy in the thought that he wouldn't talk football or theosophy to me. But it didn't take me long to find out my mistake. Of all the fads I ever heard of that man's fad is the very worst.

"He does tricks with cards and can joggle things," continued the girl in the blue jacket, as her eyes grew bright and her cheeks pinkish. "At luncheons he fishes his handkerchief out of my muff and finds his gloves in my jacket pocket. If you hand him a glass of water, he'll turn it upside down and ask you blandly why the water doesn't run out. At home he makes life miserable for me, and when he goes away I call in the girl and have her sweep up the remnants of the teacups that he breaks. He balances parasols, guitars, vases—in fact, everything that he can find—on the end of his nose. I can't do anything with him. I am trying very hard to make him angry so he'll quit calling, but he is so absurdly good natured that I fear I shall never succeed."—St. Louis Republic.

Butler and Father Ryan.

When General Butler was in command at New Orleans during the rebellion, he was informed that Father Ryan, priest and poet, had been expressing rebellious sentiments and had said he would even refuse to hold funeral services for a dead Yankee. General Butler sent for him in haste and began roundly scolding him for expressing such un-Christian and rebellious sentiments. "General," the wily priest answered, "you have been misinformed. I would be pleased to conduct funeral services for all the Yankee officers and men in New Orleans."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Wherein They Were Alike.

"My money bought those horses," said the millionaire wife to her impecunious husband as the family turnout drove up to the steps.

"Yes; it bought me too."—Newport News.

The Barrister's Retort.

A case was once tried in Limerick before Chief Baron O'Grady. A barrister named Busbe was making a speech for the defense, when an ass began to bray loudly outside the court. "Wait a moment," said the chief baron. "One at a time, Mr. Busbe, if you please." The barrister waited for a chance to retort, and it came presently. When O'Grady was charging the jury, the ass again began to bray, if possible more loudly than before. "I beg your pardon, my lord," said Busbe. "May I ask you to repeat your last words? There is such an echo in this court I did not quite catch them."—"Seventy Years of Irish Life."

Balm of Gilead.

The real balm of Gilead is the dried juice of a low shrub which grows in Syria. It is very valuable and scarce, for the amount of balm yielded by one shrub never exceeded 60 drops a day. According to Josephus, the balm or balsam of Gilead was one of the presents given by the queen of Sheba to King Solomon. The ancient Jewish physicians prescribed it evidently for dyspepsia and melancholia.—Methodist Protestant.

To Kill a Lobster.

When a live lobster is required for boiling or other purposes, here is a simple and comparatively painless mode of killing it: Run a long, narrow bladed knife into the tail at the third joint from the end, having the blade aim? downward. This will cut the spinal cord, and death will speedily follow.

Betsy Patterson Bonaparte.

Mme. Betsy Patterson Bonaparte, the sister-in-law of an emperor, was born in Baltimore, and after living many years abroad returned to her native land, where she passed the last years of her life.

One of the old lady's crack stories in her latter days was of a lesson in etiquette given her by the black butler of her host. At breakfast she motioned to him and handed him her cup, wishing a second cup of tea. Uncle Bob, instead of taking the cup to his mistress at the head of the table, put it down with a great flourish on the sideboard.

"But I wanted another cup of tea," said Mme. Bonaparte.

"Did you, mum?" blandly asked Uncle Bob. "You see, mum, you put your spoon in de saucer, an that means you doan' want no mo' tea. When you wants some mo' tea, de c'rect way is to put de spoon in de cup—like dis heah," and Uncle Bob gravely illustrated the "c'rect" method of procedure.

The family were on thorns, expecting an outbreak from the sister-in-law of an emperor, although there is no doubt that a black butler in his own bailiwick could face an emperor himself, but Betsy was only amused and laughed heartily.

After 50 years of money getting and money saving, she realized in the latter part of her life how futile it all was and, explained grimly, "Once I had everything but money! Now I have nothing but money."—Boston Transcript.

A Race of Giant Cannibals.

Unlikely as it may seem to some who read these lines, it is a fact nevertheless that there is an island in the gulf of California, not more than 60 miles from the Mexican mainland, which is inhabited by the remnants of a race of giant cannibals. This startling discovery was made by a west coast naturalist early in 1891 and has since been confirmed by both United States and Mexican explorers. Mr. McNamara, the scientist referred to, has a photograph of one of the men found by him on the island, that individual, although not one of the largest, being over 7 feet in height. The island upon which they were found is known as the island of Isle of Lerl, and the original discoverer says that there is every evidence of cannibalism among them.—St. Louis Republic.

What Decided Him.

"It's no use," said the poet to the barber, "I will have to get my hair cut."

"All right. Want it pretty short?"

"Close up. I want the job attended to thoroughly."

"Long hair ain't in style any more," ventured the barber in an effort to be genial.

"It isn't the style I care for. Just a few minutes ago I was introduced to a man and he said, 'Which do you play, football or the piano?'"—Washington Star.

His Wife's Name.

An old farmer, intent on making his will, was asked by a lawyer the name of his wife, when he gravely replied: "Well, mab'n, I really don't recollect what it is. We've been married for upward of 10 years, and I've always called her 'my old woman.'" The lawyer left a blank to be filled up when his old woman's name was ascertained.—New York Mail and Express.

One of the most interesting collections of historical papers in the country is in the possession of Joseph Hilton of Pittsburg. The collection includes many old, rare autographs and newspapers. An "election extra," issued by The Ledger in 1841, is a prized relic belonging to Mr. Hilton.

A medical journal announces the invention for discovery of a method of treating certain disease by a doctor in Trinidad, but says that "unfortunately" he is debarred from putting it into practice in his country owing to the scarcity of these particular diseases there.

A fountain that stood for many years on the Main street square in Pawtucket, R. I., has been removed and set up in a cemetery. Its base bears in big letters the touchingly appropriate word "Welcome."

FROM HEAD TO FOOT you feel the good that's done by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It purifies the blood. And through the blood, it cleanses, repairs, and invigorates the whole system.

In recovering from "La Grippe," or in convalescence from pneumonia, fevers, or other wasting diseases, nothing can equal it as an appetizing, restorative tonic to build up needed flesh and strength. It rouses every organ into natural action; promotes all the bodily functions, and restores health and vigor.

For every disease that comes from a torpid liver or impure blood, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, and the most stubborn Skin, Scalp, or Scrofulous affections, the "Discovery" is the only remedy so certain that it can be *guaranteed*. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, you have your money back.

Is perfectly, permanently, positively cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. The proprietors of this medicine prove that by their offer. It's $500 cash for a case of Catarrh which they can't cure.

It not only relieves: it does more, it cures. We refer to One Minute Cough Cure. Suitable for all ages all conditions, at all times. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

Early Risers, Early Risers, Early Risers the famous little pills for constipation, sick headache, dyspepsia and biliousness. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

It's just as easy to try One Minute Cough Cure as any thing else. It's easier to cure a severe cold or cough with it. Let your next purchase be a cough. be One Minute Cure. Better medicine; better result; better try it. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

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Every body to know Orpheus; is wonderful for painless extraction of teeth, try it. Dr. F. C. Pierce, Dentist.

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It's all the same, a slight cold, cough and lungs or severe cough. One minute cough cure banishes them. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

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A single trial of Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters will convince any one troubled with costiveness, torpid liver or any hindred diseases of their curative properties. They only cost 25 cents per bottle. For sale by H. C. Wells.

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Kemp's Balsam will stop that cough in time.

A PRELUDE.

In youth, beside this lonely sea,
Voices and visions came to me.

Titanic and her furtive broods
Were my familiars in the woods.

From every flower that broke in flame
Some half articulate whisper came.

In every wind I felt the stir
Of some celestial messenger.

Later, amid the city's din
And toil and wealth and want and sin,

They followed me from street to street,
The dreams that made my boyhood sweet.

Again the silence haunted glen.
Behold the crowded ways of men.

Strange lights my errant fancy led,
Strange watchers sat beside my bed.

Ill fortune had no shafts for me
In this aerial company.

Now one by one the visions fly,
And one by one the voices die.

More distantly the accents ring,
More frequent the receding wing.

Full dark shall be the days in store,
When voice and vision come no more!
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in Scribner's.

Pulverized Cork.

Considerable use is now being made of the newly introduced French article to which the name of subdivine has been given. The substance consists of pulverized cork of different degrees of fineness, known as impalpable, fine, medium and coarse, the pulverization being effected by very simple means, such as a horizontal grindstone. Among these the medium powders have for some time been employed in the French navy and by various navigation companies for painting the sheet iron and partitions of the insides of vessels. The effect of such coatings is said to be to considerably diminish the conductibility of the sheet iron and the vibrations so unpleasant which are produced as soon as the sea becomes a little rough. Another use for these cork powders is in the preparation of a substance called linogine, which consists of the powder mixed with fine plaster in the proportion of about 10 per cent. This linogine composition is turned out in all shapes and sizes and is stated to be specially useful as a protection alike from heat or cold, or for partitions, roofs, lofts, ceilings and coatings of all descriptions; also as packing for boilers, icehouses, conservatories, coverings for wagons, steam pipes, and similar uses—in short, for the large number of cases where it is desirable to maintain an equal temperature.—New York Sun.

Artist and Amateur.

A critic, who was recently asked to define the line between artist and amateur, stated that an amateur's sketches were laborsel and finished up to invite favorable criticism, while the artist's sketches were broad and unfinished, suggesting much to himself only. Could not the dividing line be better defined? The amount of time spent on a sketch often depends upon opportunity. When the time is not needed elsewhere, one quite able to sketch in the boldest, most rapid style may prefer to go on and produce a picture, trusting to the inspiration of the present rather than of the future, and to vision rather than memory. If something greater is to be subsequently developed from the work, it will be no less suggestive because of its finished character.

It may not be easy to define the dividing line between artistic and amateurs, but it is easy to point out a well-recognized one that is identical with it—the one that is drawn between poets and mere writers of verse.—Art Amateur.

The Right Kind.

The following story, told of the late Senator Stanford, is characteristic of the man. He was always a cheerful giver, but preferred paying for work to emptying his purse. One day he found a dilapidated cur on the avenue, with a half clad man upon the seat. "Why are you standing here in the cold?" "I s'pects it's 'cause I'm got too shabby, sir," said the man. "Do you believe that horse could carry me to the capitol?" inquired Stanford. "Yes, sir."

"Twit, then," was the response. And all that winter the man who owned the finest horses in America jogged along behind the rusty steed. That there was a change in that poor driver's fortunes by the spring everybody knew.—Ram's Horn.

His Religion.

John Field, the pianist, was an Irishman who studied with an Italian, Clementi, and lived in Russia. He loved champagne and washed his own clothes. When he was dying, some one sent for a priest, who went to his bedside and whispered, "Are you a Catholic or a Protestant?" The dying man revived sufficiently to sigh out: "Neither. I am a pianist," and immediately expired.—Philadelphia Press.

The most expensive royal regalias in the world are those of the maharajah of Baroda, India. First comes a gorgeous collar containing 500 diamonds, arranged in five rows, some as large as walnuts. Top and bottom rows of emeralds, of equal size relieve the luster of the diamonds.

Chief Otan, the orang-outang from the Javanese village in the Midway, has arrived at the Philadelphia zoo. Otan is used to first class Java coffee. A cup presented him from the eating station at Altoona was declined. Otan knows railroad coffee.

Borax is an excellent washing powder. The women of Belgium and Holland are noted for their snowy linen. They attain this desired result by the use of borax—a handful to 10 gallons of water.

The roast beef of old England, it appears from the report of a committee of the house of lords, is apt to be best when it is American raised.

The men in the Caucasian settlements in South Africa outnumber the women by 19 to 1, and spinsters are rare.

1894.

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ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for 1894 will maintain the character that has made it the favorite illustrated periodical for the home. Among the results of enterprises undertaken by the publishers, there will appear during the year superbly illustrated papers on India by Edwin Lord Weeks, on the Japanese Seasons by Alfred Parsons, on Germany by Custave Kobbe, on Paris by Richard Harding Davis, and the Nile by Frederic Remington.

Among the more notable features of the year will be novels by George Du Maurier and Charles Dudley Warner, the personal reminiscences of W. D. Howells, and eight short stories of Western frontier life by Owen Wister. Short stories will also be contributed by Brander Matthews, Richard Harding Davis, Mary E. Wilkins, Ruth McKinzey Stuart, Miss Lawrence Anna Clark Rice, George A. Hibbard, Queena Cooper Rosencrantz, Thomas Nelson Page, and others. Articles on topics of current interest will be contributed by distinguished specialists.

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Send postal card request for free sample copy. Address William F. Wakeman, General Secretary, 135 West 23d St., New York.

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The subscriber has purchased the blacksmith shop recently occupied by Charles Krueger, on Mechanic street, near Gifford's saw-mill, where he is prepared to do first-class blacksmithing, including

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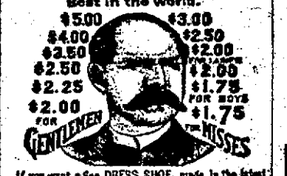

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-:-PIPES,-:- ETC.-:-

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of either sex, any age, in any part of the country, at the employment which we furnish. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. A capital is not required you run no risk. We supply you with all that is needed. It will cost you nothing to try the business. Any one can do the work. Beginners make money from the start. Failure is unknown with our workers. Everything about your labor you can easily make a dollar. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in three days at ordinary employment. Send for free book containing the fullest information.

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Prompt attention to orders by wire.

Don't bother her with a tanky roof when you can get the Metal Brand Ware Edge, Ready roofing, manufactured at Pittsburgh, Pa., at about one half the cost of shingles, and will last a life time.

2 ply Roll covers 100 square feet surface, $1.50.

3-ply Roll covers same amount of surface, $2.00.

Any amount furnished on short notice.

Apply to C. K. SARTWELL, Smethport, Pa.

B. A. McCLURE, Supt.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

TIME TABLE WESTERN NEW YORK & PENNSYLVANIA

In effect Dec. 9, 1894.

Trains leave Smethport as follows: For Last 15, Eldred, Olean, Bradford and Buffalo as follows:

BUFFALO EXPRESS.....9:15 A. M.
BUFFALO MAIL.....12:35 P. M.

Train leaving Southport at 12 p. m. connects at Olean with Mixed Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Old City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont, Johnsonburg, and points south, CLERMONT MAIL.....7:15 A. M.
CLERMONT ACCOMMODATION.....1:30 P. M.
Local.....7:00 P. M.

Clermont Mail connects through to Johnsonburgh.

Get Time Tables giving full information from A. E. WORDEN, Ticket Agent, Smethport, Pa.
J. A. FELLOWS, Gen. Pass. Agt., Elmira, N. Y.

Bradford, Bordell and Kinzua R. R. Co.

Direct lines between Bradford, Kane & the Tri county oil field.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT MAY 14, 1893.

WESTWARD.				EASTWARD.		
a. m.	p. m.	a. m.	STATIONS.	p. m.	p. m.	a. m.
7 45		9	Lv. Bradford Ar.	7	30	11
7 50		9 05	Kinzua Junct'n	6	45	10
8 05		9 20	Allen	6	30	10
8 07		9 22	Davis	6	27	10
8 11		9 26	Simpson	6	23	10
8 15		9 30	Fish Creek	6	19	10
8 17		9 32	Ameelspot	6	16	10
8 20		9 35	Lv. Bordell Ar.	6	13	10
4 45			Carlton	10	54	
4 50			Spring Creek	10	49	
4 57			Sheffield Junct'n	10	42	
5 00			Watson	10	39	
5 05			Mt. Jewett	10	34	
5 10			Clarion	10	29	
5 15			Kane	10	24	
5 20			Parker	10	19	
5 30			Petrolia	10	09	
5 40			Herrick	9	59	
5 50			Millerstown	9	49	
6 00			Bridge	9	39	
6 15			Lv. Butler Ar.	9	25	
7 20			Allegheny	8	05	
a. m.				p. m.		

JNO. C. McKENNA, Supt. Allegheny.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE. In effect Nov. 19th, 1893.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

7:00 a. m.—Train 3, daily except Sunday, for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia and Intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:50 p. m., New York 9:50 p. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Williamsport and Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

9:30 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 6:50 a. m., New York 9:50 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Williamsport and Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Passengers for Baltimore, Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Rosewhere.

WESTWARD.

6:10 a. m.—Train 1, daily except Sunday for Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations, arrives Ridgway 8:00 p. m. for Erie.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Kane and intermediate stations.

2:35 p. m.—Train 11 daily except Sunday for Ridgway and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS for EMPORIUM JUNCTION FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 2 leaves Renovo 6:35 a. m., daily except Sunday